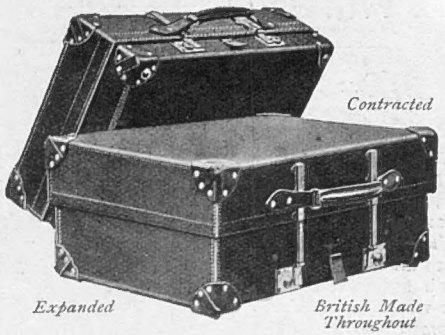
The Revelation Rigid Expanding Suit Case

solves all packing troubles



WHETHER you are going away for a week-end, a week or a month, there is always a "fly in the ointment." It is packing! Unless . . . yes, unless . . . you are the proud possessor of a REVELATION RIGID EXPANDING SUIT CASE.

The "Revelation" solves all packing troubles. It expands. It contracts. It grows with your needs.

Yet it is Always Rigid!

One "Revelation" will do the work of three ordinary Suit Cases. Ample space for the outward journey, and still a reserve of space for the return. It is the last word in the evolution of luggage. The very last word!

There are not only Revelation Rigid Expanding Suit Cases, but Revelation Attaché Cases, Revelation Trunks, Revelation luggage for all purposes, in Leather, Canvas and Light Vulcanised Fibre, at prices to suit every purse, each expanding and contracting, and all equally efficient.

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We extend to you a cordial invitation to visit either our London or Leeds Showrooms. If unable to call we will gladly send you our descriptive Booklet "B" on mentioning this paper, together with the name of nearest Agent.

We are exhibiting at the

Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition, OLYMPIA, MARCH 2nd to 25th, Stand No. 29, Gallery, Main Hall.

The Revelation Rigid EXPANDING SUITCASE CO., LTD.,

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LEEDS: 62, ALBION STREET.

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Ask for the 'Bengalie'

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Telephone: Mayfair 3046 (3 lines).

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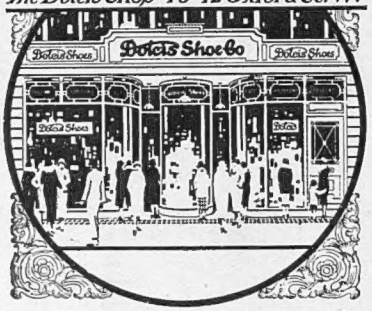

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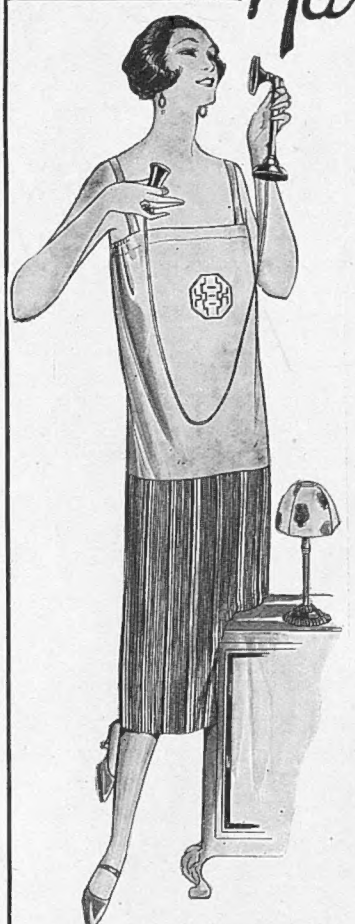

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DESIGNS IN PRINCESS SLIPS

Hosiery Department, Ground Floor.

***Extremely smart Princess Slip** of super quality artificial silk. Plain top trimmed attractive embroidered medallion with new accordion kilted skirt. In Black, White, Fawn, Putty, Beige, Sand, Leaf, Brown, Navy, Apple-Green, Grey, Pink, Cyclamen or Almond.*

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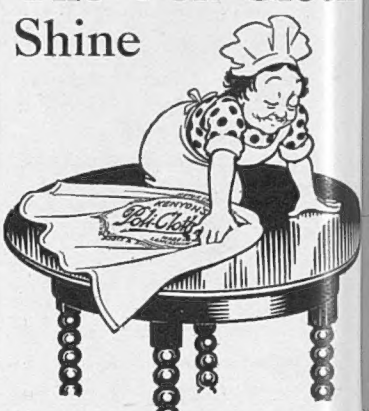


A "Poli-Cloth" is indispensable to any housewife who takes a pride in her home. Polishing is made easier, and mirrors, silver, furniture, etc. are made even more lustrous than ever before. Let a "Poli-Cloth" glide you through your housework. The soft, velvety texture of a "Poli-Cloth" is never impaired by washing or wear.

1/3 EACH

Sold by Drapers, Ironmongers, Hardwaremen, Boot & Shoe Dealers, Motor Garages etc. If you have any difficulty, write the makers—

JAMES KENYON & SON Ltd., Roach Bank Mills, BURY

KENYON'S

Poli-Cloth

MADE IN LANCASHIRE

For polishing

SILVER	FURNITURE	BOOTS & SHOES
METAL	UPHOLSTERY	MOTOR CARS
GLASS	FLOORS	MOTOR CYCLES
ENAMEL		ETC.

genuine 'Poli-Cloth' measures 27 ins. by 27 ins. and bears the trade mark.

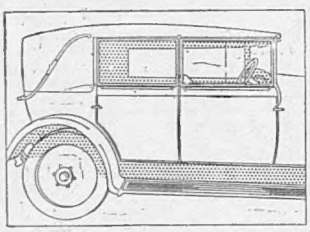
℗ 13

Carry a Closed Car in your side-door.

An Instantly Adjustable Rigid Weather-Proof Body.

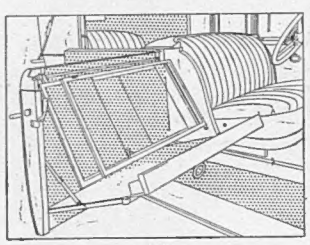
For the professional or business man who prefers an open car but who must on many occasions drive in wind, rain and storm, the St. Didier Head, which can be built into ANY MAKE OF CHASSIS, is the ideal equipment, giving him literally two cars in one—an open and a closed car.

And "blind-spots" are practically eliminated by the big, full-vision windows.



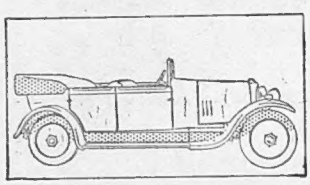
Closed car comfort.

The St. Didier Head is built solidly into the chassis. Snug-fitting, rattle-proof, weather-defying and cosy when a closed car is needed—thanks to the rigidly gripping patent "Bloqueurs"—its neat metal-framed windows fold securely into the door when out of use, leaving the car open and clean-lined.



It takes less than a minute—

The change takes less than a minute to accomplish.



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The One Man One Minute SYSTEM

St Didier Head

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THE KING AND QUEEN

MODEL HAT, in rich French Satin, with new dented sides and Osprey cockade. In Black and a few good colours.

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is the lot of everyone who chooses a SWIFT. Reliable, easy to drive, reasonably fast, and extremely economical, it gives that consistent service which has won the name of Swift a unique reputation.

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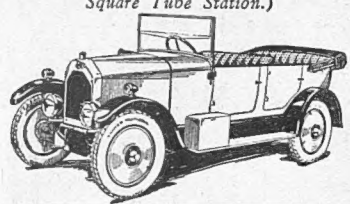

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"Those things called dear are, when justly estimated, the cheapest—Beautiful forms and compositions are not made by chance, nor can they ever, in any material, be made at small expense."

JOHN RUSKIN

Excelsior shoes will ever be associated with the rarest and most beautiful materials, the most exquisite designs, smartest styles and a quality of workmanship that expresses unlimited care and attention to detail.

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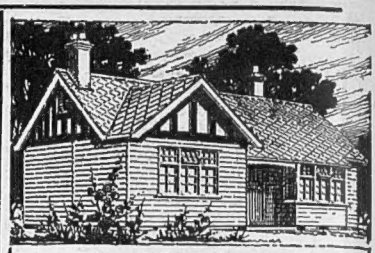

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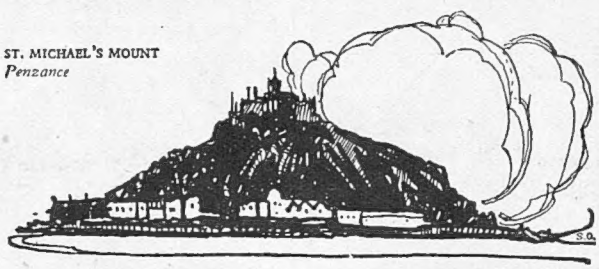

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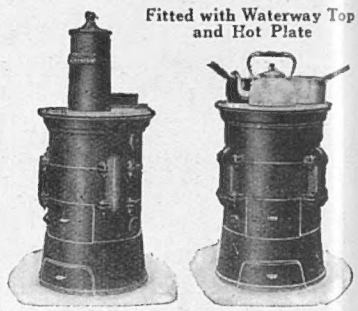
G.W.R., Paddington Station FELIX J. C. POLE, *General Manager*

The "WENTWORTH" BOILER

Fitted with Waterway Top and Hot Plate



Boiler fitted with removable Top Feeder for keeping in all night.

Boiler with Top Feeder removed and plug inserted for use in cooking and boiling.

For GARAGE & GREENHOUSE HEATING
(As particulars below.)

This Boiler is suitable for Central Heating and providing Hot Water for Domestic Purposes. The top of Boiler is fitted with a Hot Plate, or Hob, which is very effective for boiling and simple cooking operations.

Size of Boiler	Capacity in 4in. Pipes Lineal ft.	Tapping	Diam. of Smoke Pipe	Price exclusive of Smoke Pipe
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,, 5 16in. x 18in.	190	1¼in.	5in.	£7 3 2
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,, 7 16in. x 30in.	250	1¼in	5in.	£10 5 3

GREENHOUSE	ft.	ft.	ft.	GARAGE	ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 4 Boiler,	12	x 44	x 8	No. 4 Boiler,	35	x 40	x 10
,, 5 ,,	12	x 48	x 8	,, 5 ,,	40	x 40	x 10
,, 6 ,,	12	x 56	x 8	,, 6 ,,	40	x 45	x 10
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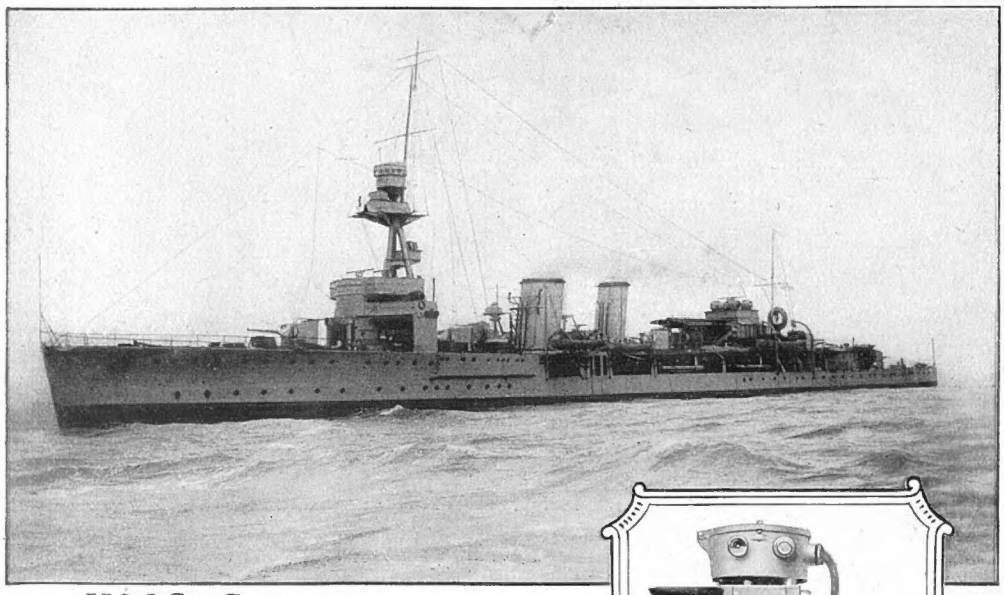

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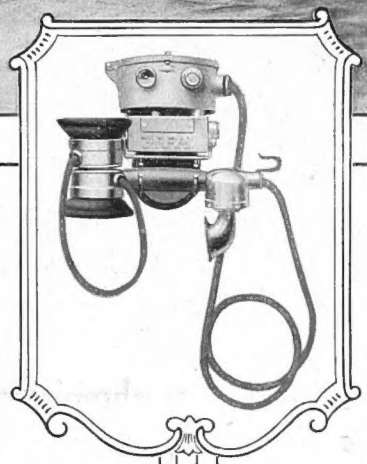

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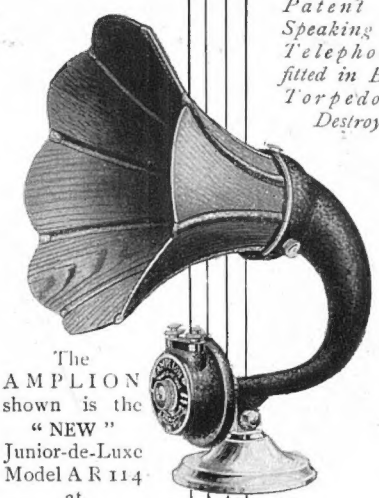

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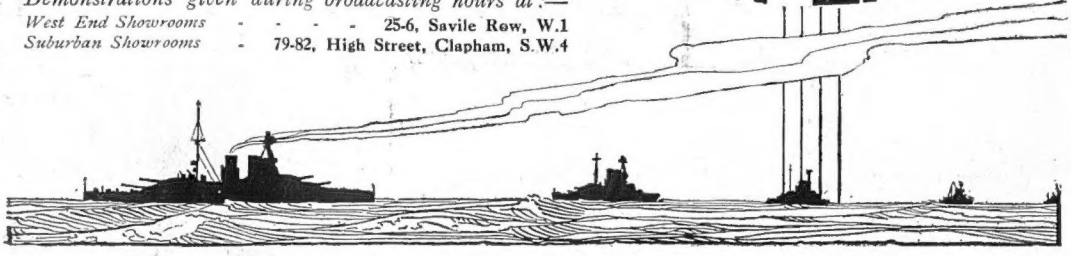

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To win the joys of which your heart is fain.

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MADAME EVE will deliver a FREE LECTURE to ladies on the PRESERVATION OF YOUTH, as applied to the face and neck, at KENSINGTON TOWN HALL (opposite John Barkers), on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, at 3.30 p.m.
All ladies cordially invited.

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"MASCOTTE"
Useful Frock of blue wool crêpe, well and becomingly cut. The new flare tunic is finished with black buttons; pipings of silk in contrasting colour at waist, neck and sleeves. Can be copied in beaver, navy, brown, beige, dark grey, light grey, and red.

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SHOES
FOR SPRING WEAR

Patent and black suede tan calf, front and back fawn suede one-bar shoe, open side, Louis XV heel (as sketch).
52/6 per pair

Brown basket calf and willow calf one-bar shoe, military heel (as sketch).
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Tan lizard wide bar golf or walking shoe.
84/- per pair
Also in fawn.

Patent court shoe, with grey lizard skin insertion (as sketch).
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Smart grey lizard one-bar shoe, low Louis XV heel. Similar shoe in fawn lizard.
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Smart tan willow one-bar shoe, military heel. Similar shoe in box calf, grey calf, patent leather.
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Harrods ORIENTAL

Here's a wonderful little garment, strong enough to keep the figure firm, yet beautifully flexible and allowing every freedom of movement in dancing and sports. Specially made to give support to the youthful figure without that 'corseted' look. Come in and try it on! If unable to call, your Orders by post will receive prompt attention and be sent post free.

There are types for the slender, average, and full figure. Some with soft, pliable busk, and others with hook fastening. Those for full figures are slightly boned to give necessary support. Sizes 24-36.

15/9 to 75/-

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Designed to meet Fashion's latest requirements.

Not illustrated.
Washable Suede, made from soft pliable skins with elastic at wrists. In Grey, Ficelle or Beaver. Sizes 6 to 7. (LG 126) **6/11**

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2 x 2 yards	... each	27/9
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NAPKINS TO MATCH

22 x 22 inches	... dozen	31/6
24 x 24 ,,	... ,,	36/6
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The Royal Irish Linen Warehouse
LONDON **BELFAST** LIVERPOOL

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

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RICH CREPE DE CHINE

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We have a world-wide reputation for the exclusiveness of style, daintiness of character and finish of our underwear. The most reliable qualities in Silk, Linen and Cotton fabrics are used, and the cut and workmanship are perfect.

MODEL CAMI-KNICKER (as sketch) in pure silk crepe de Chine, an exact copy of a French model, with fitting lace bodice, and dainty pleated skirt trimmed with lace to match and satin ribbon shoulder straps. In Ivory, Pink, Black, Yellow, Blue, Green, Coral, Cyclamen and Beige.

PRICE **49/6**

Also in soft washing satin. In Coral, Beige, Pink, Ivory, Yellow, Blue, Green and Black.

59/6

THE NORWEGIAN LACE BOUDOIR CAP, trimmed with dainty ribbons to match all lingerie, **39/6.**

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ALFRED LESTER. Blaney and Farrar. Sonnie Hale.
"The Best Revue in London."—*Daily Express.*

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Nightly at 8.30. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.
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"THE GRAND DUCHESS."

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FOR CHILDREN'S WEAR

LITTLE BOY'S COAT *in good quality fawn ribbed suiting, smartly tailored and collar faced silk to tone.*

Size.	Price.
18 inches - -	84/6
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22 ,, - -	94/6
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This model is also to be had in fine covert suiting in tan or bronze for same price. Hat in fine Tuscan straw, with band of sky or saxe ribbon.

Price
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Worthing

SPRINGTIME in the SUNNY SOUTH

WORTHING is admirable for holidays in spring or early summer. The climate is so mild and equable that figs ripen here in the open. Besides the charms of a pleasant sea-front, there are pretty lanes and woodlands in the vicinity where primroses bloom profusely, making rambles a delight. Golf, tennis (hard and grass courts), sea-fishing, etc. and theatres, cinemas, balls, and concerts are additional attractions of the town, which is only 78 minutes from London.

Other favourite Sunny South Resorts are:—
BEXHILL & COODEN BEACH : BOGNOR : BRIGHTON : EASTBOURNE : HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS : HOVE : LITTLEHAMPTON : SEAFORD : SOUTHSEA : ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

For Guide Books apply respective Town Clerks. Railway information from Stations or Offices of Southern or L. M. & S. Railways.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

SOUTH FOR SUNSHINE

The "Sunny South Special" L. M. & S. Through Train runs every week-day from Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, etc., to the South Coast.

H. A. WALKER, General Manager.

By Appointment

By Appointment

The Amylyte

This hat presents an entirely new feature in gentlemen's headwear.

It is a bowler hat embodying the comfort, lightness and flexibility of a soft felt.

Branches at :
8, Castle St., LIVERPOOL. 40, Westmoreland St., DUBLIN.
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WOODROW LTD
46, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

CREPE DE CHINE
TEA GOWNS
OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

This delightful Tea Gown is made of rich heavy quality crepe de Chine by our own workers, and is a copy of an exclusive model. It is cut on the plain coat-shaped lines showing the latest trend of fashion, and it is a most charming and becoming garment.

DISTINCTIVE TEA GOWN (as sketch) in rich heavy quality crepe de Chine in two tones of a lovely mulberry red colouring, coat-shaped back, with belt to be worn under at back if desired, long roll facing of the deeper tone on gown, and lace sleeves to match, full armholes then tight to arm, and full in cascade drapery.

PRICE
15½ Gns.

In White, Black, or Black and Beige. Other shades to order.

EXCEPTIONAL VALUE IN WASHABLE CHAMOIS LEATHER GLOVES (as sketch) in yellow only. Cannot be repeated at this price.

Price **6/11** per pair.

Debenham & Freebody
(CARMAN & LIMITED)
Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

SMART HATS FOR PRESENT WEAR

Posed by Miss Heather Thatcher

PICTURESQUE MODEL HAT, in Black Bangkok, copy of Rose Descat with trimming of wide Petersham ribbon,

Price **6½ Gns.**

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VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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Harrods Silken Hosiery

From the Great Display of Spring Hosiery in Harrods Salon, Ground Floor

Pure Silk Stockings, with lisle thread feet and suspender tops; finished dainty open clox. Full fashioned. In Nude, Dark Nude, Sunburn, Tinsel Silver, Putty or Light Beige.
(LH 504) 5/11

Pure French Silk Stockings, full fashioned and with hand embroidered clox. In Sunburn, Sunset, Nude, Mauresque, Silver, Mid Grey, White or Black. (LH 512) 13/6

Harrods 'Leda' full fashioned Silk Stockings with lisle thread feet and tops. Exceptional value and thoroughly recommended for wear. In Nude, French Nude, Rachelle, Sunburn, Silver, Mid Grey, Black or White.
(LH 505) 6/11

HARRODS LTD KNIGHTSBRIDGE LONDON SW1

Easter in sight.——Order Now!

MORRIS

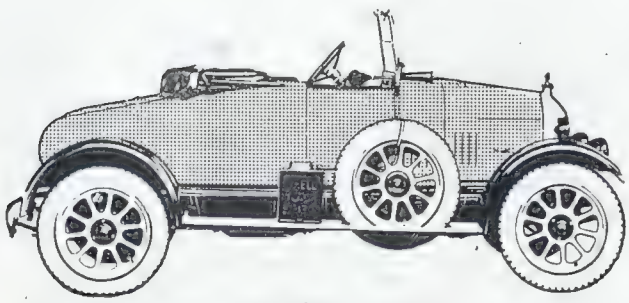
Still the best value

buy British-and be Proud of it.

PUBLIC CONFIDENCE in the value of Morris products and the stability of the Morris policy is evidenced by our sales record for January, which totalled 4,380 cars delivered. The equipment of all Morris cars includes Dunlop Cord Balloon tyres, Lucas twelve-volt lighting and starting, Gabriel Rebound Dampers and Every Necessary Accessory.

WHEN comparing Morris prices remember that they include a Full Comprehensive Insurance policy operative for one year. This gives the purchaser approximately £11 direct saving on Morris-Cowley models, and £13 10s. on Morris-Oxford cars.

Remember also that the 11.9 h.p. Morris-Cowley is a *full-sized* touring car with ample power. The engine develops over 25 b.h.p.



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Fully insured for one year. Fully equipped.
Choice of Blue or Grey.

14/28 h.p. MORRIS-OXFORD models, with four-wheel brakes, from £260.

MORRIS MOTORS, LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD.

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New Humour With a Point

That is the essence of everything in the latest edition of the

MIDNIGHT FOLLIES HOTEL METROPOLE

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Music by IVOR NOVELLO and Wolseley Charles

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Supper Dancing and Cabaret 30/-

MIDNIGHT FOLLIES HOTEL METROPOLE

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THE GORDON HOTELS LTD. GERRARD 8121 *Managing Director* FRANCIS TOWLE.

DIAMOND & PLATINUM WRIST WATCHES FOR EASTER GIFTS

Highest Quality

Good Value

H 402

Diamond and all Platinum fully Jewelled Reliable Wrist Watch.
Best Lever Movement.

Catalogue £35 *post free.*

H 408

Diamond, Black Onyx and Platinum Wrist Watch.
Fully Jewelled. Best Lever Movement.

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H 409

Charming Diamond and Platinum Wrist Watch.
Fully Jewelled. Best Lever Movement.

£26 15s.

Call and see Vickery's Charming Novelties for Easter.

J·C·VICKERY
177 to 183 REGENT ST, LONDON, W.1
By Appointment Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King Jeweller to H.M. the Queen Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

The Bystander, March 11, 1925 No. 1110 Vol. LXXXV.

The BYSTANDER

Blake Studios

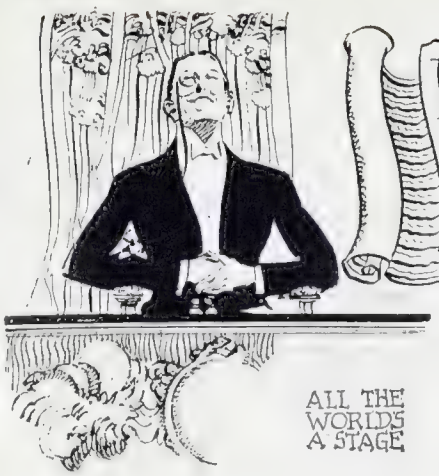
LADY BLANCHE DOUGLAS

The eldest daughter of the late Duke of Beaufort, and wife of Captain G. F. V. Scott Douglas (late 15th Hussars), Ranelagh's new assistant manager. Lady Blanche Douglas's first husband, the Earl of St. Germans, died in 1922

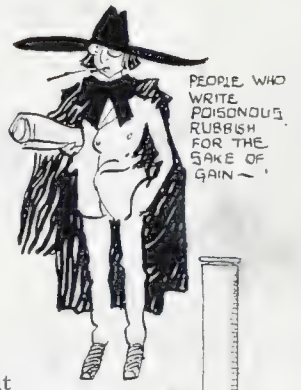
DUNLOP — THE STANDARD by which ALL TYRES are JUDGED

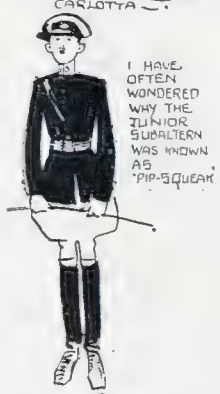
DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LTD. BIRMINGHAM. BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

C.F.H.632.



BYSTANDER COMMENTS





Breach of Promise

Surely it is time that Breach of Promise ceased to waste the time of the Courts. Such cases are always sordid and unedifying and tragedy often lurks in their train. If a promise of marriage constitutes a contract, why not make the contracting parties ratify the engagement by a visit to Somerset House, and have done with it? As things are at present, young people drift into a permanent entanglement or mild blackmail, or even worse. There are hard cases, of course, but these are not sufficiently numerous to justify a continuance of such an anomalous state of affairs. Let us have done with it.

Poisonous Rubbish

People who write poisonous rubbish for the sake of gain—I am *not* referring to *Smargada's Lover*—such people, I say, might remember that the seed they sow is apt to sprout in unexpected places. A small boy of my acquaintance, who had been working heroically for a scholarship that was to take him to a famous school, recently showed signs of weakening endeavour, but it was some time before he could be persuaded to state a case for the defence. And what do you think? The poor little beggar had been reading in some silly rag that scholarship boys were treated as outcasts by the imaginary snobs among whom they were supposed to mingle. Can you beat it?

Publicity and Poetry

I have always felt that travel advertisements lacked colour and warmth. Admittedly, you cannot get much romance into the announcement of a half-day trip to Birmingham when the attraction is a cattle show at Bingley Hall, but a week in Paris or the Pyrenees should suggest possibilities. And here, at last, is a man who has taken publicity by the fore-lock and shaken out of it something approaching poetry:

Exotic Holidays

Have you ever wandered in the Orange Groves of the Villa Carlotta, or enjoyed the fragrance of the semi-tropical vegetation of the Italian Lakes, where the vine grows and the guitar is heard in the mellow evenings. . . .

That, I protest, is the stuff to give us!

A Squeeze and a Squeak

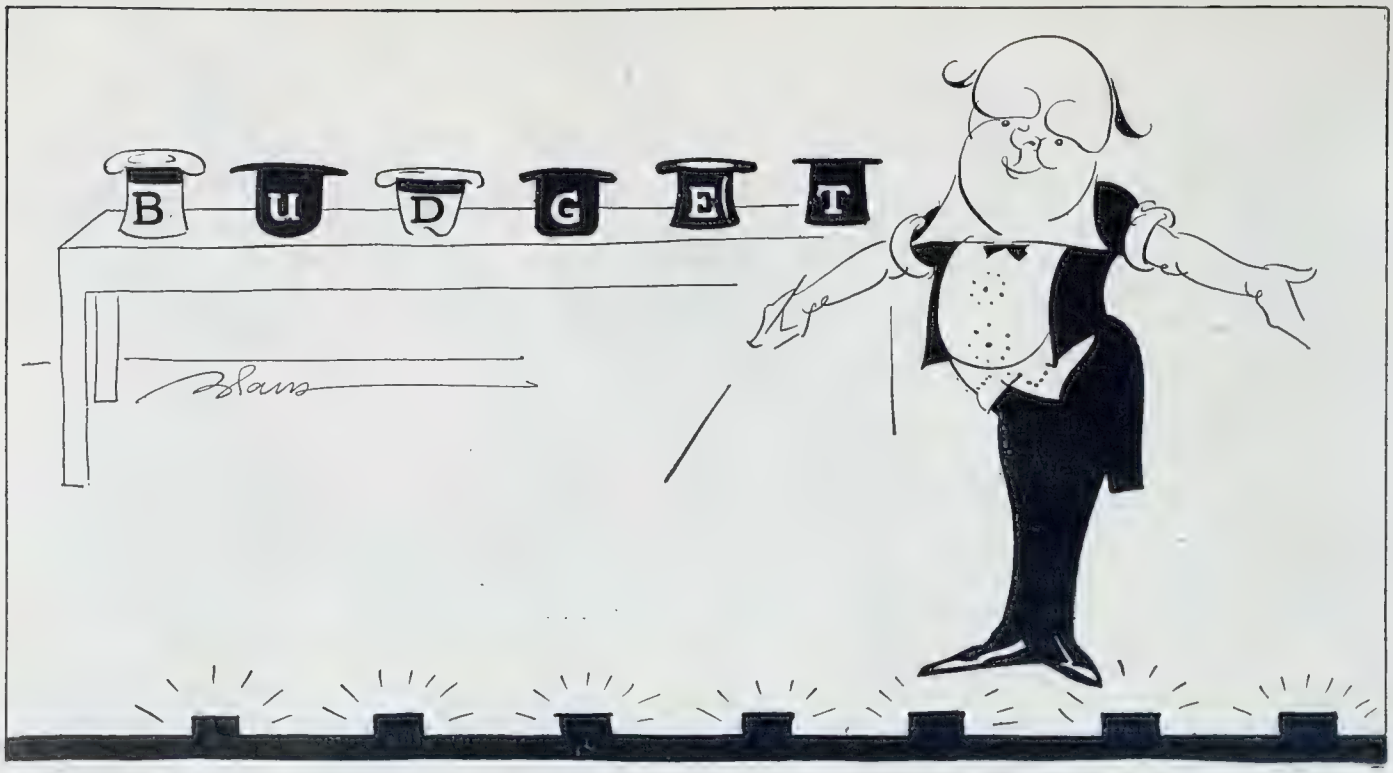
I have often wondered why the junior subaltern was known as a "pip-squeak." My ignorance, of course, but there is always virtue in admitting that one didn't know—after one has found out. Thanks to Mr. F. W. Jowett, late Commissioner of Works, I gather that there is a saying to the effect that the poor may be squeezed "till the pips squeak," and, in the light of that discovery, it is easy to understand why the least among the lesser fry of the commissioned ranks should be known as the pip that squeaked. For, believe me, everything conspired to make the poor one-pip squeak.

It Is The Law

Even the authorities, whose minds move in a mysterious way, are beginning to realise that the early closing of licensed premises are raising up ten thousand other devils worse than the first, but the psychology of the night-club *habitué* was admirably anticipated by that admirable writer of short stories, O. Henry: "The flattest glass of beer acquired the tang of illegality; the mildest claret punch struck a knock-out blow at law and order; the harmless and genial company became outlawed, defying authority and rule. For after the stroke of one . . . drink may not be set before the thirsty of the city of the four million. It is the law."

Unspoken Conversations

Sir Oliver Lodge is convinced that telepathy will very shortly play a great part in the lives of the people. I don't suppose



"KEEPING US ALL ON THE HAT RACK" By Blam

Out of which one will Winston produce that sixpence off the Income Tax?

there is a person living who has not at some time or another held an intimate conversation with some other person, without a word being spoken. I could fill these pages with examples that would startle the unbeliever, if such a man or woman exists, and I have little doubt that our minds will be linked together by a form of mental wireless long before the passing of this present generation. Mind you, I don't anticipate such a state of things with any degree of pleasure, but there are facts at which it would be foolish to blink, and this is one of them.

A Sign of the Times

MANY people read with mild amusement the announcement that a young gentleman in Rome had eloped with his mother-in-law, but in this trifling incident I see a very significant sign of the times. No mother-in-law is now content to take a back seat and fill in her days by being a nuisance to her daughter's husband. Being a mere slip of a girl of forty-five or so, she realises that she has her own battles to fight, and her time is much too fully occupied to care whether Edwin's remark about Angelina's cooking should call forth an official protest from the Higher Command. If Angelina doesn't know when she is well off, Angelina's mother is quite prepared to take Edwin off her hands—or that is what would happen in Rome if Edwin did as the Roman did.

£2,000 per Annum

SIR CHARLES HIGHAM is supposed to have said that he would have to go to the United States for a man capable of earning £2,000 a year, and a correspondent from Bostall Hill has raised his voice in protest. The discussion is not new, and is covered by an old country adage to the effect that "him as don't ask don't want, and him as don't want don't get." What Sir Charles really means is that there are few men in England with sufficient confidence in themselves to *ask* for £2,000 a year. Courage and confidence are required for the thrilling adventure of turning down £1,500 per annum, and sticking out for the extra £500. If you knew that your prospective employer would fall for the larger sum, how easy it would be, but suppose you lose the substance in going for the shadow . . . and so on, and so on. Thus argues the man who hasn't got the £2,000 mind. One is reminded of the poker player who is afraid to call up to his cards, and who squeals when he is bluffed out of the game by a man with a smaller hand.

Courage and Confidence

WHAT qualities would Sir Charles Higham demand from a man to whom he would be willing to pay £2,000 a year? Courage? The courage to refuse £1,500 a year? Confidence? The confidence to feel in his bones that he ought to receive so much? Courage and confidence are two great qualities, absolutely essential to the holding down of such a position as Sir Charles has in mind. Naturally, the confident and courageous applicant must possess many minor and essential qualities, but only courage and confidence will bring him out of the ruck of his equally competent fellows. I am with Sir Charles in this matter. The man who is worth his salt doesn't waste time "writing to the papers about it."

A Strange Appeal

THERE is a strange hospital appeal going round London, strange in that it states that the hospital is not in debt. This phenomenon can only be attributed to the fact that the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital is and always has been staffed and run by women. The appeal states that an American woman—a Mrs. Laurillard—has left them £10,000 with which they have bought the ground for their much-needed extension, and with a true womanly hatred of seeing a good thing wasted they want the women of England to help them to build the extension on this ground.

Ten Thousand Teas

THE method of doing it is also feminine. They want to give 10,000 teas before the hospital's birthday in May at which the money is mysteriously to materialise Our lady readers could not do better than to write for particulars of this unusual scheme to the Lady Treasurer, Elizabeth Garret Anderson Hospital, Euston Road, for the hospital has done and is doing invaluable work for women.

Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H. HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

ROYAL VISITORS TO OLYMPIA G. P. U.

Her Majesty the Queen, Princess Mary, and Lord Lascelles, at the Ideal Home Exhibition, where they made a critical tour of inspection an hour before the time of opening last week. The Queen was particularly interested in the setting of her "Doll's House," which is being exhibited on behalf of various charities

The King's Convalescence

It is hoped that the King's recovery from the unfortunate attack of bronchitis—an attack which at one time threatened more serious complications—will allow their Majesties to go abroad at least a week earlier than was anticipated.

So far, nothing is known definitely of the cruise to be taken by the Royal yacht, but Sicily and Malta are spoken of in Court circles after a short time on the Riviera. If the King puts into Palermo he will find, as King Edward found, an eager and loyal British colony which is headed by the Whitaker family, in whose beautiful villas and charming gardens practically all the Sovereigns of Europe have been entertained at one time or another, King Edward and Queen Alexandra amongst them.

G. P. U.

THE PRINCE AT THE HUNTERS' SHOW

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at the forty-first annual show of the Hunters' Improvement and National Light Horse Breeding Society at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington. He is seen presenting the King's Champion Challenge Cup to the winner, Captain T. Wickham-Boynton, whose fine stallion, Ardavon, also carried off top honours in the super-premium class and in his district class (Yorkshire and the Ridings)

The Royal Yacht

The *Victoria and Albert* is the last remaining out of a small fleet of Royal yachts. In Queen Victoria's time there were the *Osborne*, and several small boats which were used for despatch-work and conveying Royal messengers, ladies and gentlemen of the Court going in and coming out of waiting at Osborne, likewise Ministers in attendance, and visitors, Royal and otherwise.

We are so accustomed nowadays to the King living for the greater part of the year at Buckingham Palace, that we cannot realise the fatigue and travelling Ministers had to go through in Queen Victoria's time. They were thankful when she was at Osborne, notwithstanding the sea-crossing; that was better than the all-night journeys to Balmoral.

The Flags on the Royal Yacht

When the *Victoria and Albert* takes the King and Queen into foreign waters she will be literally bedizened with flags. First, as a ship of the Royal Navy, she will fly the White Ensign at her stern. Then, on her main mast, she will fly the Royal Standard, showing that the King is aboard. His Majesty is Admiral of the Fleet, so his flag denoting that position will fly from the foremast, and the Rear-Admiral, who commands the yacht, will have his flag on the mizzen mast.

It all sounds very complicated but, bless you, the sailor folk all the world over read these flags like a book, and they know exactly what you and I—sailors excepted, please—don't know.

THE PICK OF KENTISH "HOPS" *British Illus.*

A group at the East Kent Hunt Ball, held recently at the Grand Hotel, Folkestone, to commemorate the birthday and twenty-fifth year of Mr. H. W. Selby Lowndes's mastership. Our photograph shows, standing: Mr. A. Marchant (left), Miss Marchant, Mr. D. Cross, Mrs. Robert Unwin, Captain W. E. Neame, Mrs. Whale Ure and Mr. P. L. Brittian. Seated: Mr. E. G. Neame, Mrs. Baker, Miss Trehearne, Mrs. Eric Neame and Mr. Baker

Central News

A (PERSIAN) GARDENING NOTE

Some of the cast in the Countess of Huntingdon's matinée performances of "In a Persian Garden" given at the Palace Theatre, Leicester, last week in aid of the Boy Scouts' organisation. Our photograph shows: Back row:—Mr. Tilney (left), Miss Molly Gretton, Miss Leila Clifton, Miss Joan Burrell, Miss Joan Ratcliff, Miss Joan Wright, Mr. John Gretton, Miss Betty Manners, Mr. Curzon-Herrick, Miss D. Burns-Hartopp, Miss L. Burns-Hartopp, Lady Winifred Cecil. Front row: Miss Dora Morris (left), Miss Cairns, Miss Lydia Dashwood, Miss Payne Gallwey, Mr. Seymour Tuke. Evidently the expression "everything in the garden's lovely" comes from Persia!

Farringdon Photo Co.

WATCHING THE TAPE FOR RESULTS!

Lord Burghley (left), the Marquis of Exeter's heir judging the quarter mile at the Cambridge 'Varsity sports last week. Lord Burghley is a pretty useful man over the hurdles and won the 120 yards in 16 2-5 seconds

Central Press

THE LUCK OF THE NAVY

Lady Chambers Hunt learning all there is to know about capstans and things on board H.M.S. Douglas, one of the units of the Atlantic Fleet during the recent official visit to Algiers

G.P.U.

AN EAST SHEEN WEDDING

The Hon. Walter James and his bride, formerly Miss Katherine Nickerson, leaving Christ Church, East Sheen, after their marriage ceremony, over which the Archbishop of York officiated. Mr. James is Lord and Lady Northbourne's only son; his bride is the daughter of the Hon. Lady Hood and the late Mr. G. Nickerson

Royal Invalids

PRINCE Henry and Prince George have both been on the sick list, the first with influenza, which necessitated his going to the Cambridge Hospital at Aldershot, and the second with tonsilitis.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, has had a bad attack of bronchitis, which has lasted nearly a month. It came on so suddenly that she was obliged to cancel the luncheon she was giving for Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg, the late American Ambassador and Ambassadress.

Princess Louise's throat has always been delicate since a bad accident which happened to her in Canada when the Duke of Argyll (then Marquis of Lorne) was Governor-General. A sleigh in which she and her husband were being driven to some function was overturned and its occupants were all thrown out into the snow. Everybody "fell soft," but,

LADY ALEXANDRA CURZON AND MAJOR METCALFE

unfortunately, the A.D.C. who was sitting behind Lord Lorne and the Princess was *en grande tenue*, and wearing spurs.

In the general mix-up when the sleigh turned over, the Princess's neck was badly cut by one of the A.D.C.'s spurs, and ever since she has been particularly prone to throat trouble.

Two Delightful Women

THE deaths of two dear, delightful women have been announced since your Bystander wrote to you last—women as far apart as the Poles in their religious outlook on life, and yet one in their attitude to life, their infinite charity of mind and kindness.

One was Lady Mary Howard, the sister of the late Duke of Norfolk. During all those tragic years following the death of his first wife, when he would not marry again so long as their invalid son, the Earl of Arundel, lived, Lady Mary was hostess for her brother at Arundel and in St. James's Square. Her tact, her kindness, her gracious old-world courtesy, made one forget the shadow on her brother's life.

Lady Mary gave nearly all that she had to run a settlement in the East End, and in building a church.

The other was Mrs. C. W. Earle, whose *Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden* was the parent and forerunner of dozens of books of the same kind. But it was Mrs. Earle's personality rather than her writing which

PERSONAL VIEWPOINTS

From the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt Point-to-Point meeting held at Codrington, near Chipping Sodbury, last week

Topical and Sport and General

MR. JENKINSON and LADY PATRICIA WARD

attracted and held her friends. At her house at Cobham in Surrey, and her London house in Bryanston Square, one met the most interesting people.

Mrs. Earle was the elder sister of the Dowager Countess of Lytton, whose husband was Viceroy of India, and of the Dowager Lady Loch, whose husband was High Commissioner for South Africa. Lady Lytton and Lady Loch were twins.

A characteristic story is told of Mrs. Earle. Her second son, Colonel Maxwell Earle, after being wounded was taken prisoner by the Germans. He was cared for with great devotion by a sergeant. When the sergeant returned to England he went to see Mrs. Earle. He was a big, tall fellow. After thanking him for all he had done for her son, Mrs. Earle, looking up at him, said, "You are too tall for me to reach to kiss you, so will you kiss me?"

Mrs. Earle's youngest son is Sir Lionel Earle, the Permanent Secretary to the Office of Works. Our London parks have never been so gay with flowers. This is doubtless due to the atmosphere of gardening in which he was brought up.

A Musical Engagement

WHEN Lady Elizabeth Hay, who is a year younger than her youthful nephew, the Earl of Kinnoull, marries Mr. Peter Chappell, to whom she is engaged, there will be a union of two families closely connected with

Back row: Mr. Jenkinson (left), the Duke of Beaufort and Capt. Hilton Green. Front row: Lady Blanche Douglas (left), Lady Diana Somerset, Major Poynser and the Duchess of Beaufort

music. Lady Elizabeth, through her mother, has relationship with the famous piano-making firm of Broadwood, which made harpsichords two hundred years ago in Great Pulteney Street. Mr. Chappell is a member of the music-publishing firm in New Bond Street.

LADY MARY CRICHTON

Women and the County Council

WOMEN nowadays seem as anxious to get on to the London County Council as they do into Parliament. And of the fifteen women candidates at the recent election some were particularly interesting. First there was Lady Limerick, who stood for East Woolwich, one of our most talented amateur musicians and a

FOUR TO THE FORE AT THE 'CHASES

Miss Branston (left), Miss Enid Branston, Miss Platt, and Mr. Gamble looking out for the passing "fancies" at the steeplechases held at Southwell last week

witty talker. Then Miss Thelma Cazalet stood for East Islington. She has already had some experience of council work in Kent, where her father owns Fairlawne, near Tonbridge. The Cazalets are close friends of several members of the Royal family, especially of Princess Alice and Lord Athlone, to whom Miss Cazelet paid a visit in South Africa last year.

A third candidate, Miss Goff, is the daughter of Lady Cecilie Goff, and so niece to Lord Ancaster; and Mrs. Thomas Emmet is the elder daughter of Sir Rennell Rodd, formerly our Ambassador in Rome.

An Ancestor of Nobility

LANGTON HOUSE, in Berwickshire, which was recently sold by its owner, Colonel Grenville-Davin, and is now going to be demolished, originally belonged to David Gavin, who was the son of a village crier in Forfarshire. He made a fortune and married a daughter of an Earl of Lauderdale. His daughter married a Marquis of Breadalbane, and that daughter's daughter married the second Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.

These marriages meant that the humble village crier became father-in-law to an earl's daughter, grandfather of a marchioness, great-grandfather of a duchess, and great-great-grandfather of the last Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.

The Airlie Dairy

SPEAKING of Forfarshire, I see that the Earl of Airlie, who, like a good many other landed proprietors, has turned his estates into a limited liability company, has started a dairy at Cortachy Castle for supplying milk to the town of Kirriemuir—Barrie's "Thrums." The latest dairy devices, such as machinery for milking the cows, have been installed.

Lord Airlie's mother, the Dowager Countess, is a Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen, and one of his cousins is Mrs. Winston Churchill.

MRS. AND MAJOR CAVANAGH

MISS D. F. PENWICK

MR. H. E. WHITWELL

MRS. E. NEVILLE AND MR. BERRY

Photographs by Topical and British Illus.

Watch Your Attics

WOULDN'T you have thought that in these days of bric-a-brac shops in every other street, of old houses and their contents being sold by at least the half dozen all over the country every week, there would be no more "finds" left for the collector? But the oddest things happen. Mrs. Heywood Johnstone

THE PERSONAL TOUCH AT SOUTHWELL

A camera causerie of some of the cheery people who lent grace to the Southwell 'chases last week

THE "ROUND" GAME AT BIARRITZ *Alfieri*

Four followers of "le Golf" snapped on one of the greens at the Biarritz golf club. The photograph shows Mrs. B. Hill-Wood (left) Mrs. Graham-Hutchinson, Mr. B. Hill-Wood and Miss Catherine Graham-Hutchinson

during the War turned her house, Bignor Park, near Pulborough, into a V.A.D. hospital. There were masses of portfolios of drawings, engravings and pictures in the house, the collection of Mr J. Heywood Hawkins. To make room for the beds for the wounded soldiers all these were stuffed away in the attics and other unwanted places.

There they remained until Mrs. Heywood Johnstone's death. By the merest chance they were seen by a representative of Christie's, who had gone down to Bignor Park to give an opinion on other matters.

These engravings and drawings have just been sold at Christie's for well over three thousand pounds! So wags the world and the prices of its treasures.

A Little-Known Title

One has not yet become accustomed to the title of Lord Donington, although it has been in use for the last five years. Formerly it was one of the titles of the Earls of Loudoun, but when the last Earl died it went to his brother, Mr. Gilbert Clifton-Hastings-Campbell, while the earldom and the baronies of Botreaux, Stanley and Hastings went to the late peer's niece. The Donington title was taken from Donington Hall where the German prisoners were interned during the War.

Lord Donington has no son to succeed him, so it seems probable that the title will become extinct. His younger daughter, the Hon. Irene Hastings-Campbell, has just become engaged to Captain Bodenham, whose father was Count Lubienski. The Lubienski family is one of the oldest in Poland. The Count inherited Rotherwas in Herefordshire from his cousin, Mrs. Bodenham. At his death, some twelve years ago, Rotherwas was sold. There was some remarkably fine Tudor panelling in the house. This is now in America, having been bought by a wealthy collector of such things.

A Stroke of Luck

Just over half a century ago the British Embassy in Washington was built at a cost to this country of £10,000. In America, as here, the once fashionable residential districts in the big cities are gradually being invaded by business offices. The consequence is that the site of our Embassy in Washington is alone worth £100,000 to-day.

Most of the Embassies are in Sixteenth Street, and here a new British Embassy is to be built, the builder undertaking to provide the new Embassy in exchange for the old one. A pleasant stroke of business for the Government, this, a new Embassy and not a farthing of its cost to appear on the Foreign Office Estimates. What the economists rail against as "unearned increment" has its uses.

A COURSING COUPLE FROM THE SOUTH

At the Sussex County Club Meeting held at Aldingbourne last week

Sport and General

MRS. D. H. WOODCOCK WITH "HARD WICKET"

Sport and General

MISS FEAR WITH SIR MALCOLM McALPINE'S "KING OF SPADES"

The Riviera Week by Week

By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

Marc Le Noir

"LOOK HERE, UPON THIS PICTURE—

A group of physical culture enthusiasts—or are they ardent seekers after the slim silhouette of Fashion's decree?—on the sun-swept beach near Cannes

—AND ON THIS!" *Keystone*

A Winter's Tale near Nice. A group of competitors in the Military Ski-ing Competitions at Piera-Cava, only a couple of hours' journey from the blazing sunshine of Nice

CANNES

THE reports of the King's illness were followed with the keenest sympathy and interest on the Riviera, and the possessors of wireless sets among the British colony who were able to pick up promptly the latest bulletins long before these appeared in the local press, were besieged by their less fortunate neighbours for news. The announcement that His Majesty has been recommended to complete his convalescence on the Mediterranean has, naturally, given the greatest pleasure on the Côte d'Azur, and the prospect of seeing him with the Queen on the beautiful coast, where his father and grandmother spent so many winters, will delight the residents and visitors alike.

BY the time these lines appear in print, an official announcement will probably have been made. But the devout wish of everyone in Cannes is that the King and Queen may join the Royal yacht in our picturesque harbour, within sight of the statue of King Edward on his favourite promenade. Queen Mary was here many years ago, before her marriage, and the old gardener at Lord Brougham's historic château still speaks of her interest in the wonderful flowers for which that estate was even then famous; but I believe the King has not been here before. A visit to the Duke of Connaught's charming little villa on Cap Ferrat seems most probable. It is now up to the Prefect of the Alpes Maritimes to see that the spring sunshine is at its best and the sky at its bluest for the arrival of the Royal invalid and his gracious Queen.

C. N. Daiy

TOURNAMENT PERSONALITIES

Mrs. Creasy and Colonel the Hon. Edward Colston on the courts at Cannes

THE traffic to the Riviera has now reached such colossal proportions that two very important schemes are being prepared to cope with it. One is the creation of a new railway line between Avignon and Les Arcs, by which the P.L.M. will considerably reduce the distance from Paris to Cannes and save about three hours on this journey. The other is the long-desired new road for motorists by the coast between Antibes and Cannes, the traffic being now far too great for the narrow and often winding Route Nationale.

THE days and the visitors' list both steadily lengthen, and it is remarkable how the many new arrivals manage to find accommodation. Lord Derby has returned to the Beau-Site for his second Riviera holiday this winter. Lord Fitzwilliam, whose fine steam yacht, *Shemara*, arrived in the harbour some time ago, is at the Carlton with the Countess, while other noted yachtsmen on their way to the Mediterranean include the Duke of Leeds, who is joining the *Aries* at Gibraltar, and Lord Tredegar, whose villa at Cannes is at present tenanted by Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse, and who is on his way South on board the *Restless*.

SIR WILLIAM AYKROYD, who has recently bought Viscount Furness's fine sporting estate of Grantley Hall, is staying at the Beau-Site, while other recent notable arrivals include Lady Glanusk, the Marchioness of Headfort, Lady (Walter) Gibbons, Lady Muriel Beckwith (the daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon whose portrait is being painted by an American artist here), Lady Queensborough, Sir Alexander and Lady Bilsland, Lord Waring, Sir Ian Malcolm (a British representative on the Suez Canal Board who married a daughter of Lily Langtry), Sir Henry and Lady Whitehead, Adèle Lady Meyer, and Mr. Adolf Zukor, the American cinema magnate. Mr. H. G. Wells is spending a quiet holiday a few miles out of Cannes, and another literary notability here is Mr. Robert Hichens, just arrived from a tour in North Africa, doubtless in search of further local colour. The Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, who has been staying in Zagreb and Cobourg since he proclaimed himself the lawful Tsar of Russia, has been unable to stay away any longer from his favourite Cannes, where golf and bridge have been his recreations for several winters past, and has just arrived at the Hotel Californie for a month's visit.

THERE were nearly three hundred guests at the bridge and mah-jong tournament in aid of a local charity the other day at the Villa Kasbeck, lent for the occasion by Major and Mrs. Thomas Moss, who have staying with them Lady Falconbridge, who is Mrs. Moss's mother. The villa is one of the largest in the town, with fine gardens, and is quite suitable for so important a gathering. Handsome prizes were given by the Duchess of Vendôme, Lady Cheylesmore, Lady Coats, Lady Alan Johnstone, Princess Ghika, and Baronne Henri de Rothschild, and were distributed at the close by the ex-Queen of Portugal. The guests included the Duke of Connaught, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and Countess Torby, Grand Duke Cyril, Grand Duchess Maria Pawlonna, Princess Philippe de

Bourbon, Princess Karageorgevitch, Princess de Broglie, Princess Gaetani, Princess Galitizine, Major-General Lord Cheylesmore and Lady Cheylesmore, Lord Wolverton, Maud, Lady Orr-Lewis, Lady Coats, Duc de Leuchtenberg, Comte Marienberg, Comtesse de Zurich de Reynolds, Comtesse Monléon, Comtesse de la Salle, Sir John Rutherford, Sir Alan Johnstone, Lady Mandleberg, the Countess of Dudley, Lady Meux, Admiral Lord Wester Wemyss and Lady Wemyss, Sir Albert and Lady Stern, Diana, Lady Rhodes, Lady Glanely, Mrs. Pulitzer, Mrs. Henry Clews, and many other prominent members of the Anglo-American colony.

THE visit of the Australian cadets to Nice was a great success, and their smart appearance aroused the admiration of the natives and the pride of the British visitors. They were well entertained, the luncheon given them by the British colony, at which the Duke of Connaught was the chief guest, being a most enjoyable function, which was followed by an afternoon at the Tennis Club, where Mlle. Lenglen played in an exhibition match with Albert Burk, from Cannes, against René Lacoste, the French champion, and Mlle. Yvonne Bourgeois, these two ladies afterwards playing a match with two of the delighted cadets as their respective partners. The cadets were also entertained by the Duke of Connaught at his villa one afternoon, and were present at the Naval Battle of Flowers at Villefranche. The boys should take away with them pleasant remembrances of their visit to the French Riviera.

WE have had another interesting official visit lately, and one that has been long desired, and was, in fact, asked for in these columns weeks ago. For the first time for many a long day a British battleship, H.M.S. *Benbow*, has been seen in Villefranche Harbour, where French and American vessels are often anchored.

TWO other British battleships, the *Royal Sovereign* and the *Resolution*, have recently spent a week at Hyères, where the admirable behaviour of the men and the smart appearance of the vessels were a source of much favourable comment. Golf, tennis and motor excursions were offered to the visitors, and two balls on board the ships were a brilliant success from every point of view. A special gala took place at the Golf Hotel, the guests including Rear-Admiral Boyle, Vice-Admiral Fatou, Rear-Admiral Fletcher (U.S.A), Vice-Admiral Sir Percy Grant, Rear-Admiral Kelly, Lady Preston, Sir John and Lady Barton, Sir John Aird, Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Wemyss, Prince Mouchanoff, Lady Fell, Lady Scotter, Miss Singer, Mr. and Mrs. Ainslie Williams and Captain and Mrs. Crawford. The ballroom decorations and the special exhibition dances by professional dancers were extremely good. D. W. T.

SPORT ON THE RIVIERA

GOLF

FOR THE BYSTANDER Cup Competition, held on Saturday, February 28, the committee of Mont Agel were fortunate in hitting upon the one really fine day of the whole week. Among those who took part in the competition, which took the form of mixed foursomes against bogey under handicap, were Captain Hawkins, Mr. F. A. Jackson, Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. Boucher-James, Dr. Vickers, Mr. D. H. Coghlan, Miss M. A. Wright, Miss B. Davis, Captain Shaw-Kennedy, Miss Tippetts, Colonel Staunton, Mrs. John Circuit, Mr. Kennedy, Miss Sybil Kennedy, Major and Mrs. Faudel-Phillips, Mrs. Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Wolff, Mrs. Ames and Mr. T. L. Ames. Unfortuately, Miss P. Cotgrave, who was to have played with the Secretary, Mr. J. Hewlett-Brooke, was prevented from doing so by illness. The result was as follows: *Winners*—Captain G. Wilder (5) and the Hon. Mrs. Beresford (10) two down. *Second*—Mr. Cooper (4) and Mrs. Bush (20) three down. *Third*—Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs (21) and Mr. S. Graham Bonnalie (4) and Mrs. Chantry (20) both four down. Mrs. Beresford is the assistant secretary of the club.

Marc Le Noir

POLO PEOPLE

Baronne Renée de Monbrison and Major Hodge watching a practice match at Mandelieu

Keystone

AN ATTACK OF "GRIP"

René Lacoste and M. Germot congratulating their conquerors, Colonel Mayes and Lord Cholmondeley, in the semi-finals for the Butler Trophy at Monte Carlo

LAWN TENNIS

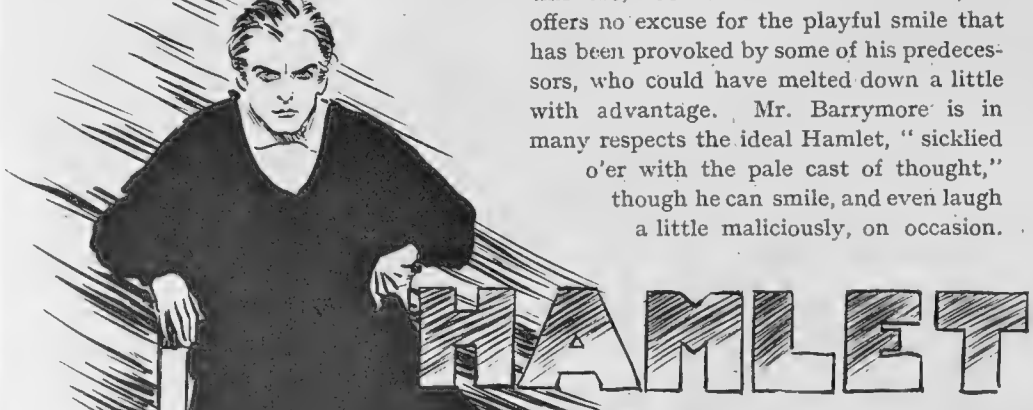
IN spite of the fact that the scene shifts week by week, and that the various tournaments on the Riviera have each a setting and a *clou* of their own, there is a certain sameness about the play, because the *personnel* of the protagonists in the "usual" events does not vary so very much at any of them. An "unusual" event comes, therefore, as something of a godsend, and to this end the "Butler Trophy" competition at Monte Carlo has filled the bill. This is a Men's Doubles competition, in which the component members of each pair must be of the same nationality. It did not happen to attract an entry of "top-hole" International eminence, but still the International element was there, and it sufficed to give the event the *cachet* which it merited, and to provide for Monte Carlo's little army of lookers-on a spectacle that meant something out of the ordinary, although Suzanne's matches, in spite of their one-sidedness, still constitute the "big draw." Incidentally, it also provided about the best Men's Doubles play that has been seen on the Riviera so far—though that is not saying much. But the joy of the thing lay in the fact that of the eight pairs which were "approved"—they have to be "approved," a sensible precaution designed to ensure a comparatively high standard of excellence—four were just about of equal merit. These were Lacoste and Germot (France), Lord Cholmondeley and Col. Mayes (England), Lycett and Lamb (England), and Morpurgo and Gaslini (Italy). The two semi-final matches in which Lord Cholmondeley and Mayes and Morpurgo and Gaslini, respectively, beat Lacoste and Germot and Lycett and Lamb were both fought out to a five-set finish. We very nearly had an All-British final, and equally nearly, France only just missed being in the final. But Germot is now one of France's old men—though you would not think it to look at him. He was a champion of France when Lacoste was in his cradle, and though he played finely in the middle of the match, he could not quite stay the course. Lord Cholmondeley, on the other hand, after striking a bad patch, finished strongly. The Italian pair played brilliantly against Lycett and Lamb after an erratic start which cost them the first two sets. H. S. S.

A Portrait from Theatreland

Yvonne Gregory

MISS ELIZABETH ARKELL

Who has scored many successes in child parts, ranging from one of the young hopefuls in *The Rising Generation* to Essie in *The Devil's Disciple*. She has now been allowed to grow up, and is playing the leading part of the young wife in *Are You a Mason ?* at the Kingsway Theatre



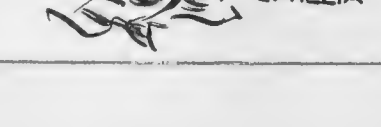
Produced on February 19, 1925

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

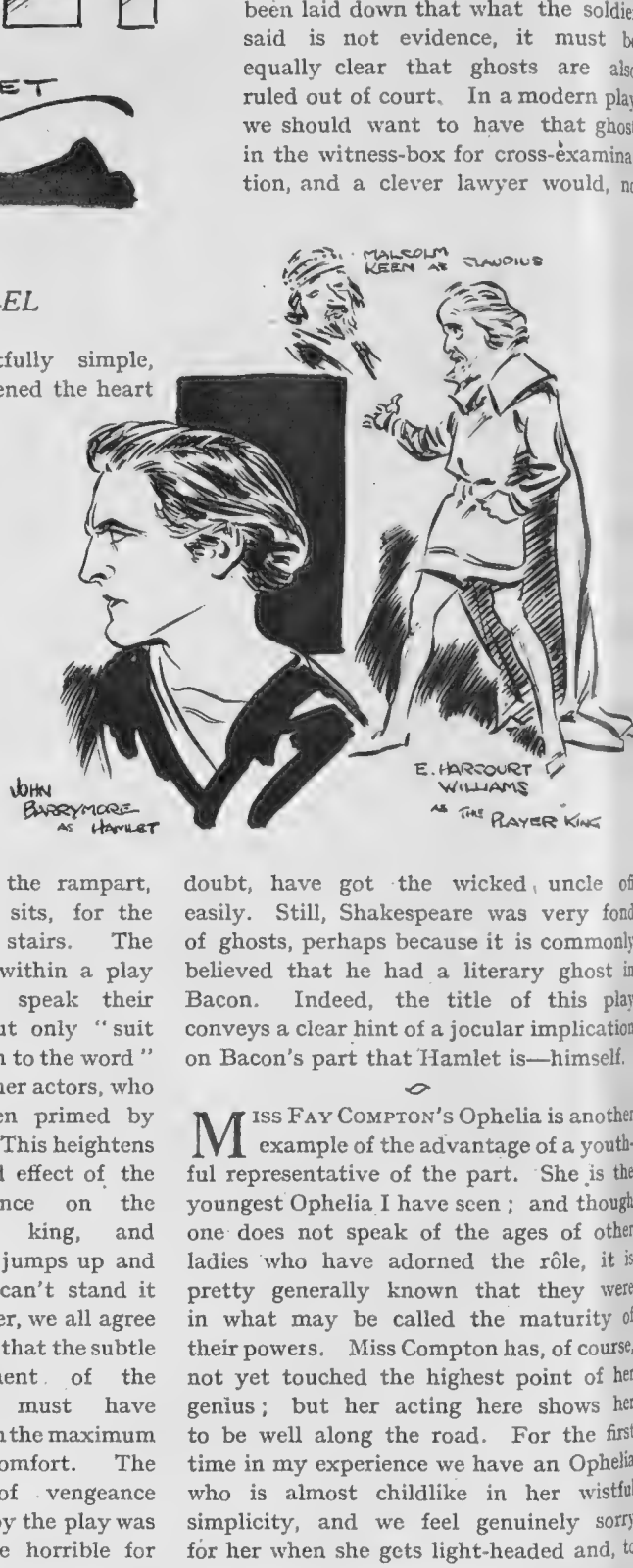
MR. JOHN BARRYMORE has scored a signal and well-deserved success with his Hamlet. The announcement that an American actor was about to appear in this difficult character not unnaturally gave rise to uneasy conjectures as to how the majestic language would fit in with the Boston accent. It is on record that an enterprising actor essaying a very English part dashed on the stage with the announcement: "I am Richard, King of England, and don't you fergettit!" But Mr. Barrymore has obligingly left his native accent behind him. He speaks slowly and with welcome clearness in the best Oxford manner, and has obviously got his soul in his job.

I HAVE seen one or two Hamlets, including the famous one that moved a genial humorist to remark that he liked Mr. So-and-So's Hamlet because it was funny without being vulgar. Mr. Barrymore starts with the great advantage of looking the youthfulness of the part in which some of our great actors of the past did not appear till they were middle-aged and inclined to what is politely known as embonpoint. Mr. Barrymore is a lightweight at the game. He skips up and down the steps that form most of the scenery without perceptible effort, and when he wishes that this too, too solid flesh would melt, he offers no excuse for the playful smile that has been provoked by some of his predecessors, who could have melted down a little with advantage. Mr. Barrymore is in many respects the ideal Hamlet, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," though he can smile, and even laugh a little maliciously, on occasion.

THE scenery is delightfully simple, and would have gladdened the heart of the Elizabethan actor. It consists of the wide flight of steps mentioned above, which lead to the platform or rampart of the castle through a wide archway. To change the scene a curtain is drawn over the archway, and a chair or two is placed here and there, and we have "A Room in the Castle," and so on. The play which is to catch the conscience of the king is staged most effectively on the rampart, while the audience sits, for the most part, on the stairs. The actors of the play within a play do not themselves speak their lines; but only "suit the action to the word" of the other actors, who have been primed by Hamlet. This heightens the weird effect of the performance on the usurping king, and when he jumps up and says he can't stand it any longer, we all agree with him that the subtle arrangement of the scenery must have given him the maximum of discomfort. The threat of vengeance implied by the play was the more horrible for being so mysteriously veiled, and could be safely guaranteed to make any bad conscience a bit jumpy.



THE Ghost, played by Mr. Courtenay Thorpe, is another striking effect. Of course, a scene like this is quite out-of-date, as nowadays so many people don't believe in ghosts, though, like Madame de Stael, they are afraid of them. But it is to be observed that Hamlet proceeds to try and condemn his wicked uncle solely on the ghost's post-mortem testimony. Since, however, it has been laid down that what the soldier said is not evidence, it must be equally clear that ghosts are also ruled out of court. In a modern play we should want to have that ghost in the witness-box for cross-examination, and a clever lawyer would, no doubt, have got the wicked uncle off easily. Still, Shakespeare was very fond of ghosts, perhaps because it is commonly believed that he had a literary ghost in Bacon. Indeed, the title of this play conveys a clear hint of a jocular implication on Bacon's part that Hamlet is—himself.



MISS FAY COMPTON'S Ophelia is another example of the advantage of a youthful representative of the part. She is the youngest Ophelia I have seen; and though one does not speak of the ages of other ladies who have adorned the rôle, it is pretty generally known that they were in what may be called the maturity of their powers. Miss Compton has, of course, not yet touched the highest point of her genius; but her acting here shows her to be well along the road. For the first time in my experience we have an Ophelia who is almost childlike in her wistful simplicity, and we feel genuinely sorry for her when she gets light-headed and, to quote Sir W. S. Gilbert, "in a river in a

medder, took a header and a deader was Ophelia!" It is a dreadful thing, of course to speak lightly of such a solemn theme; but Sir William was a privileged person.

MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER, as the Queen-mother, is at her best in the scene in which Hamlet is making his appeal to her to mend her ways. It must, of course, be trying in the extreme for a lady to sit still and let somebody else do the talking, but Miss Collier expresses herself perfectly by her acting all the while. She shows clearly how each of Hamlet's pointed shafts wounds her anew, and the few words she has to say are wrung from her in majestic anguish. Mr. Barrymore is himself magnificent here, but he is fortunate in having so great and so responsive an artist to help him to carry his scene to its brilliant climax.

IT was good to see Mr. Herbert Waring again as Polonius, who is, of course, the comic relief of the great tragedy. Mr. Waring is an actor of great experience, and he brings out the humour of the old Chamberlain with delicate completeness. Mr. Malcolm Keen seems to have taken some pains to make himself look the villain of the piece as completely as possible,

CONSTANCE COLLIER AS QUEEN OF DENMARK

FAY COMPTON AS OPHELIA
JOHN BARRYMORE AS HAMLET

and if you sat alone with a person of his appearance in a railway carriage, I think you would find yourself edging gradually towards the bell-pull that costs five pounds for improper use. We are, of course, not expected to have the slightest sympathy for the sinful Usurper, and Mr. Keen has certainly done his best to see that none shall be provoked. For the rest, Mr. Keen has a fine delivery, and in a company of rare excellence, he easily holds a leading place. A distinguished critic has placed it on record that Mr. Keen makes "a good king," which seems a little rough on him, considering that all the while he was trying so hard to show us a bad one.

IN the end, however, it all comes back to Mr. John Barrymore, whose Hamlet is unquestionably the best likely to be seen in our time. Apart from his physical qualifications to represent the character, Mr. Barrymore gives us an intellectual reading of it that is most illuminating. He has the appearance all the while of one who thinks deeply before he speaks, and that is, as everyone knows, a quite unusual habit in these strenuous days. It seems a pity that the palm for the interpretation of what is almost our national play should have to go to America, but we are losing so many championships in these days, that it is not surprising, perhaps, to find this one roped in with the others. Still, our present consolation is that where we cannot win we are good losers, and it remains only therefore heartily to congratulate Mr. Barrymore on his great achievement.

JINGLE

Motley Musings

At a recent dinner-party someone propounded the question, "Who is the wittiest man in London?" We could have told them. He is a member of a well-known literary club near the Embankment, but he is only really witty when he has been dining with really witty men overnight!

. . . . . .

A RACING scribe says that very soon all racing enthusiasts will be on the road to Lincoln. Perhaps they would be better advised to stick to the Parth.

. . . . . .

A CORRESPONDENT writes to point out how frequently Shakespeare's mind ran on cricket, and, to bear out his contention, cites the following:

"Out! Out! damned spot!"

"I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips."

"This was the most unkindest cut of all."

To us these quotations come very near, but just avoid *point!*

. . . . .

A LADY, challenged to repeat a single line of *Hamlet*, could only reply, "There is Domesday here." She must have been thinking about the cathedral repairs.

. . . . .

WE thought of our line at the fall of the final curtain: "For this relief much thanks."

. . . . .

A ROMANTIC flapper has asked us if we know what it is that really makes the world go round. Well, we were at a festive supper party last night——.

. . . . .

HE was a comedian and a fellow of infinite variety.

"Whither away?" asked a chum, meeting him in the West Central district.

"I'm off to foot-Adelphi in the morning!" warbled the wag.

"WELL," said the connoisseur, sipping his brandy, to his *vis à vis*, "they *may* call it *eau de vie*, but it tastes more like soda vie!"

FAIR'S FAIR

(Three more scientists this week support the theory that fair hair is becoming extinct.)

Ah, say not that no little dears (or no does)
Will grow those locks of halcyon, henna hue,
That soon they will be dead as are the dodos;
Ah, say it can't be true!

Think of those tawny tresses I and you know!
Is it a case of "Heads, you lose!" again?
Must we believe that a per-"ox-eye'd Juno"
Will dye in vain?

Ah no, it must be idle tittle-tattle;
And yet if true, the Fair, for whom I speak,
I know will not succumb without a battle,
Nor show a yellow streak!

Girls, will ye let your golden glories wither?
Ye Blondes of Blond St., up! and do and dare!
Ye Copper Nobs and Ginger Nuts, come hither!
Where are the Dye-Hards? Where?

DR. MARX wasn't head of his Government long. Nor would any of us have been if we had had to subsist on a Prussian Diet.

. . . . .

AS a rule we do not generally admire the lyrics with which our street singers choose to entertain us. However, we think this one shows a decided advance:

The daffodils are coming out;
The birds sing free from care,
Though what they've got to sing about
I neither know nor care!

. . . . .

MYOPIA is so prevalent that we are told London is fast becoming a city of spectacles. Socialists put the fact down to the short-sighted policy of the Government.

. . . . .

WHILE playing billiards late one evening in a saloon, we read that the heel of a player's shoe accidentally came off, whereupon he whittled a piece off the butt end of his cue and triumphantly affixed it. The gentleman would appear to have achieved the miracle of adding a cue bit to his stature.

. . . . . .

A RIVIERA visitor declares that the way they dance the cancan at Cannes is positively uncanny!

. . . . .

ANOTHER traveller from the Côte d'Azur says that the carnival at Nice was magnificent. Well, well, Cannes, you beat it!

. . . . .

A FRENCH firm famous for its stocks of champagne was recently raided by burglars, who ruined 1,500 gallons. What reams we could write on this Rheims tragedy!

HARTLEY CARRICK

OUT IN THE ESTIMATES

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL.

GRANNY (*listening-in to a Parliamentary debate*): "Really, the way they manage these Zoo concerts is simply wonderful!"

Measures—By the Yard

BY BATCHELOR

STEALTHY DEPARTURE OF THE SPECIAL NIGHT CLUB SQUAD FROM BOW STREET

PARISIANA

By "Rene"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

" . . . the bedroom-breakfast cup "

MES AMIS—

NOTHING is ever invented that had not been invented previously in France. That sounds an extravagant sort of statement I realise — as if one were struggling to say something out of the common, or sensational in order to create an effect, without having very much reason for it. But you are largely spared from having to listen constantly and unavoidably to the colossal claims of French writers, and thus are unaware of the trials which we within the confines have to endure. The introductory affirmation is a fair summary of their grating claims.

NOW you, or many of you, would have said that the telephone was invented by Edison or Bell; that the gramophone was discovered by Edison; that the cinematograph came from America; that Marconi discovered "wireless"; that the first men to fly in an aeroplane were the Wright brothers; that the typewriter was an American infliction; and that even a number of Britons were pioneers in mechanical discoveries. Yet whenever one of these epoch-making innovations comes up for favourable review, say, on the occasion of an anniversary or something of that sort, there is always one Paris writer at least who rises up wrathfully to insist that some Frenchman, in one obscure village or another, had outdistanced the particular achievement by several years.

WELL, we ever-tolerant Anglo-Saxons had put up with these allegations that we were but seconds—"brilliant" seconds, but still seconds—without any show of ill-humour, until a claim exceeding in extravagance anything heretofore advanced was launched upon our unsuspecting heads this week. We might unresistingly bow to a French typewriter, a French telephone, a French aeroplane, and all the other mechanical triumphs, but when it is arrogantly asserted that it was really France that invented the cross-word puzzle, then is the time for all patriotic Anglo-Saxons not merely to kick but to let loose a lunge with both feet.

"A little out of date to *fleureter*"

WE did feel so sure that we had devised that stimulating accompaniment of the bedroom-breakfast cup. And now they would deprive us of paternity rights. It is an invasion of the most sacred domain, a stab to the family heart. It must be met with all the vigour to which British blood is capable of stirring, valiantly, and at once. There is no time to be lost if the crown is not to be torn from our humiliated brows.

AS salt to be rubbed into the wound, we are informed that it was not even a *spirituel* Parisian, but a "worthy" of that very provincial centre of the provinces, Le Mans, who was the first person to agitate his fellows with cross-word conceptions know as *mots en losange*. He has long been a subject for mirth in local *revues* on account of the persistence of his passion, being portrayed as a harmless lunatic. Now, says our cruel informer, he will certainly be accredited the high-water mark of fashion, anything from England being the *dernier cri*.

OUR informer is very angry at this idea that importations from England should have their present vogue, and gives his temper so much fling as to say that they are all re-exports. Tennis and golf, he says, newcomers from England, were really products of France, "and though even our *grandmères* found it a little out of date to '*fleureter*,' the modern *garçonne* holds it right up-to-date to '*flirter*' because she favours a *petit chic anglais*.

WELL, "*fleureter*" does possess a genuine ring, and one can imagine that the great indoor game was invented in France. But the contention that it was a Gaul who took golf to St. Andrews needs much stronger advocacy to make it convincing. . . . And yet? Gaul . . . galling . . . golf? There may be something in it,

(Continued on page 552)

A Dancer in the U.S.A.

G. P. A.

MISS NATALIE KINGSTON

Who is starring in an all-dancing rôle in a new Mack Sennett production

"The following morning she posted a little note"

APROPOS of golf, I must tell you the story of Mr. Doley of Dunlops. Mr. Doley, who had hitherto been deemed a charming companion and a desirable partner in a St. Germain foursome, having a hefty drive that unfailingly evaded the railways and forests which are the hazards of this popular course, has lately come under grave suspicion. A crow of a malignance that has never been heard of before has established headquarters near the long dog-leg second hole, comes down with the swiftness of a hawk on every ball of a two-hundred yards drive, and flies off with it into the woods.

MOST people have heard of an occasional crow stealing an occasional ball, but this crow has made off with over fifty balls within the last few weeks. It may be unfair to allege that Mr. Doley has trained this rapacious raven in order to give an impetus to the sale of the Maxflis, but it is an unfortunate coincidence that it arrived after he had been missing for a few weeks, and he had the lamest excuse for his absence. Influenza! Just influenza.

AND he rubbed his throat as if to imply that that was the origin of his peculiar hoarseness. Could he have strained it in cawing? The mystery lingers. So long as that cunning crow sits on the cross-bunker waiting for balls, Mr. Doley will remain under a cloud. Only a gun and some well-placed shot will restore the confidence of which we have been rooked. *Aux armes*, Citoyen Doley.

MLLE. BLANCHE MONTEL, in my opinion the prettiest actress in Paris, with the possible exception of the conquering Mary Marquet, has a "double" who looks equally ingenuous, but who has proved as shrewd in manœuvre as the gifted Mlle. Montel herself. Mlle. "Jane," who is attached to one of the fashionable houses of the Rue de la Paix, is so frequently mistaken for the favourite of playgoers that she was not in the least surprised or resentful when a smartly tailored man-about-town introduced himself to her.

SHE accepted the glass of port to which he invited her, equally the bouquet of roses which he offered, and acknowledged with the most charming of bows the card which Monsieur extended. And the following morning she posted a little note: "The *sosie* of Mlle. Blanche Montel thanks you very, very much for your pretty flowers of yesterday.—Jane."

ARE dance-frocks so provocative as the Bishop of Derry alleges? Well, the number of people who have the opportunity of witnessing the extremes to which the damsels of Derry have gone is somewhat limited, so the Bishop's version must be accepted, in default of a contrary one. But Parisiennes will not have it that dance-frocks in Paris can come under blame as demoralising. They have an argument that would probably stagger the Bishop, accustomed as he must be to subtlety in disputation.

"Dancing frocks"

THERE is no harm in these frocks so long as there are many of them together, is their contention. Or, alternatively expressed in the English vernacular, "Safety in numbers lies." A lone woman in a too-bold frock would be unpleasantly conspicuous, but put three hundred of them together and none of them would be remarked. One woman in a frock cut too severely would then strike the wrong note. This is an old argument in a new guise. It is practised annually at the Quat'z' Arts ball; where the dancers are well schooled in artistic taste. RENE

Sumurûn at the Coliseum

Only a few more days remain before the end of *Sumurûn's* four-weeks' run at the Coliseum. As it is some fourteen years since the original Reinhardt production, there must still be a few of the younger generation who have not yet seen the spectacular ballet that set their fathers and mothers agog in pre-War days. It is not the modern way to enthuse with more than a casual "Cheery show, what?" but fathers must have been talking—at any rate if one can judge by the difficulty of getting seats near the gangway!

Casabianchored!

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

——"Whence all but he had fled!" A modern tragedy of our missing links, featuring a Boy of the Bulldog Breed

BAS DE

BY A. K. MACDONALD

SOIE

"SAFETY FIRST"

BY LENDON

FIVE OF THE BEST

No. 1 Turnberry

By THE ERRANT GOLFER

Illustrated by CUNINGHAM

THIS magnificent holiday course is criticised adversely by some golfers on account of its blind holes, of which on the Old Course there are no less than eight. Let us at once lay that ghost, for ghost and nothing more it is. There are some golfers who will grumble at anything. I have actually heard men, Englishmen of course, up at St. Andrews grumbling about the double greens on the Old Course there; than which sacrilege can scarcely go further.

In my humble judgment, and in that of many others not so humble, the blind holes add to rather than detract from the piquancy of the play at this famous Scottish resort on the Ayrshire coast. For the reason that if you are staying here for any length of time (and you will certainly decide to do this the moment you have seen the place) you will find that owing to the queer contours of the ground you play the holes differently, seem to approach the beautiful greens from a different angle, every day. In any case, no artistry of man can alter the expression on the fair face of this golfing country, so why grumble? I have heard men at Turnberry curse the course during their first round, but you invariably hear blessings begin to flow from honeyed lips at about the third or fourth effort.

Although Turnberry may be said to suffer a little by an *embarras de richesses* of courses all along this coast line—plutocratic rivals like Prestwick and Troon, for example, it stands alone and without fear of competition in one important respect. It has a very fine golf hotel.

I brought my golfing maniac friend, Ernest, here once in the height of the season, and I can best describe Turnberry to you by merely quoting, in a few fragmentary paragraphs, some of the things he said to me (many of them over and over again, and in the loose jargon of the modern man that my Editor would not approve of) during the week he stayed with me there. The daily dialogue pattered on something like this—

[As our car drives up.] "I say, pard, this is *some* hotel, what? I like the gay red roof and the white front. Devil of a size. Crammed to the bathrooms, I'll bet—easy with those clubs, you careless ass—suppose you *did* book rooms?" [While I do the dirty work of registration and letter collecting]: "I say, Dell, place is absolutely crawling with sweeties of the sweetest brand: don't think my people would like this at all: shan't tell them. Buck up with all that clerical work, I want to go and change. Good mind to wear full fig and white tie to-night—sure to be dancing. . . ." [There was.]

[Bursting into my room later, screwing collar down on to dress-shirt.] "Gee! I've had a boiling hot *sea-water* bath: absolutely topping: you were a mug not to have one. You did? Why didn't you say so, then? . . . . I'm not tying much of a tie, old son, am I? m'm? what? I say, you didn't by any chance notice that girl in the lounge with the corn-coloured hair and the turquoise blue eyes, did you? H'm: glad you didn't. Believe I've found a soul mate . . . don't monkey round with that sponge, you idiot. I've got a clean shirt on! . . . I've got an almost indecent appetite by the same token: buck up: may I use your hair juice—not the usual muck, is it? . . ."

[On the morrow.] "I'm told the great thing here with strangers is to lay them odds they can't guess the number of steps leading down from the hotel to the golf course. We will now descend them very slowly and carefully, 'takin' the time from the right 'and man o' the front rank.' We will subsequently, when we have made a few life-long friends in the American Bar—I suppose there *is* an American Bar, what? Good!—assume a perfectly fatuous expression when challenged—you won't find this difficult, old boy—and then hazard a guess, which will be the correct one—sensation—. Come on . . . was it 46 then or 56? Damitall, I believe I've gone wrong. Never mind, we'll count on the way up to lunch. Now don't let's forget: most important. . . ."

"All square then, you are a fantastically lucky player"

[After playing the 9th.] "They call this 'The Lighthouse Hole,' do they? Have you got a talkative caddie? I have, confound him. You noticed that cairn with the direction post sticking in it? Well that marks the place (it marked my ball, too, badly) where Robert Bruce's pals lit the fire as a signal to him to come out of hiding on the Isle of Ailsa, over there, see it? and recapture his castle—(loud cheers)—and that makes me two down, your honour."

[On the 18th tee.] "I don't care what you say [I had said nothing], this is a remarkably jolly golf course in every way. Let's see, I'm dormy one, ain't I? H'm: not so bad that. Oh, by the way, is this the green that Jack built—I mean Carter, the seed people, made? Six hundred quid they say it cost: finest example of an entirely artificial green extant, gen'lemen: is that right, caddie? [No reply, this individual having had all local colour snubbed out of him at the fatal 9th.] Now look at it well, old boy, fine bit of work. My honour . . .

"What have you got? Two for it? Lor': can't expect a fellow to play decent golf when he is studying green construction all the time: impossible. all square, then: you are a fantastically lucky player. . . .

"Count the steps? Dash it, I'm far too hungry for mathematics. You do it, and I'll go 50-50 with you in the bets. There are some likely-looking coves about. . . . Wonder if the corncob girl plays golf? You didn't see her when you were digging in any of those bunkers, cully, did you? Neither did I. Felt quite lonely at times: wonderful thing, love at first sight: ever had it? Never mind—I say, curse these steps, this isn't an Everest expedition—we shall see her. *I* shall see her at lunch. You will kindly keep your eyes in the boat as behoves a quasi-respectable married man. Unless she and the hostile mother have departed in a cloud of dust. You don't think that's likely, do you—what? I say, come on, there are only 390 more of these steps—mere flea-bite to what we've mounted already. I'm just getting my second wind; youth will be served. . . ."

"Wonder if the corncob girl plays golf?"

The corn-cob lady had not gone. Curiously enough she is now Mrs. Ernest. No, not curious, for this has happened to men before at Turnberry; and will again, so long as golf, and that other great game, is played there.

NEXT WEEK—

The Irishman's Mecca

By F. Blood Smyth

ALL SQUARE!

If the craze continues, shall we come at last to this?

"A Primrose by the River's Brim"

Stage Photo Co.

MISS VERA LENNOX

Who has successfully taken up the part of "Pinkie Peach" in "Primrose" at the Winter Garden Theatre. Miss Heather Thatcher, who originated the part, is temporarily out of the bill owing to a breakdown. Miss Lennox is also in the new edition of "The Midnight Follies"

The Weekly Whirl of the Social World:

Sport and General

DOWN THE STRAIGHT ON THE DORNEY ROAD

P. Yorke about to break the tape in the finish of the School half-mile at Eton. He won in the fast time of 2 minutes 3 1-5 seconds

Sport and General

A WELCOME BREAK

Boys of Bradfield College with some of the South Berks pack at a recent meet outside the college

Sport and General

PRINCESS MARY

Inspecting the Girl Guides' Guard of Honour at Pontefract, where she opened the King Edward VII Memorial Wing of the General Infirmary

Central News

A FOURSOME FROM INDIA

Winners and runners-up in the Ladies doubles, at the Delhi lawn tennis tournament. Left to right: Mrs. Lumby and Mrs. Martin (runners-up), Mrs. MacKenna and Mrs. Leigh, the winners of the Delhi Ladies' Championships

Some Camera Notes from Here and There

WITH THE COLOURS IN ESSEX *Central Press*

Lord Lambourne (Lord Lieutenant of the County) inspecting the Guard of Honour of the Essex Regiment at Warley Barracks, Brentwood, when Bishop Taylor-Smith, Chaplain-General to the Forces, dedicated the Garrison Church to the Regiment

Topical

WORSE THAN PASSCHENDAELE

The Misses Muriel and Alice Spencer, over from the Whaddon Chase country for the Point to-Point meeting of Colonel Part's Harriers' and the Scots Guards', on the mud-stained fields of Billington Manor

Keystone

AN AMBASSADOR EN FAMILLE

The Rt. Hon. Sir Horace Rumbold, the British Ambassador to Spain, with Lady Rumbold and their daughter, Constantia, in the grounds of the British Embassy, Madrid. Sir Horace, who has had a long and distinguished diplomatic career, was appointed to his present post in 1923

MORE "MUDLARKING" *Topical*

Lord Carlisle and Mrs. Witherby at Colonel Part's Harriers' and the Scots Guards' Point-to-Point meeting in the mud at Billington. Lt.-Colonel Part started his harriers in the season of 1922-23. They hunt the same country as the old North Bucks

Monarchical Designs on the Robes of Office

BY E. T. REED

FRAU DEUTSCHES-REICH: "Ach, Himmel! I remember *this* little mannikin only too well!—(aside) Haven't paid the bill *yet*—and *shan't*, if I can help it!"

YOGO HAMA ON IRELAND-ISH CUSTOMS

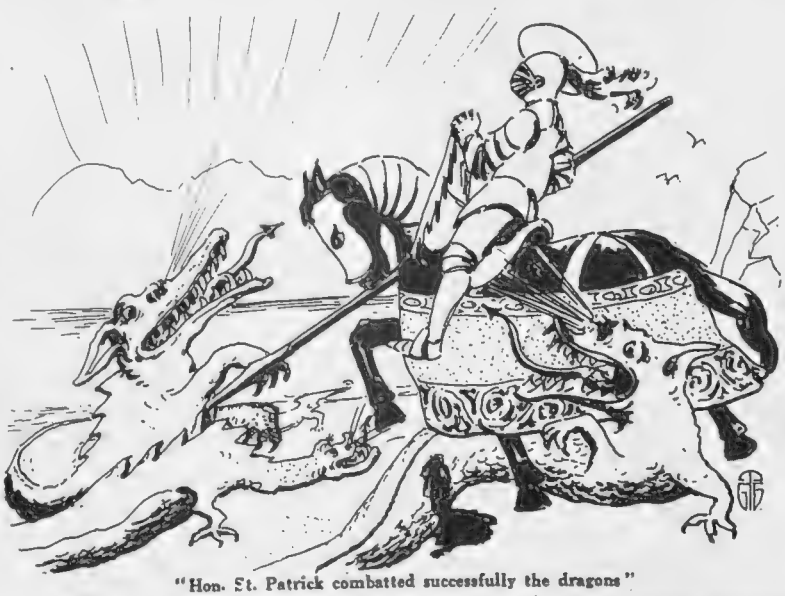
MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

I HAVE very authoritatively been inform that on or about a week hencely many numerous persons will be performing to celebrate Hon. St. Patrick's Day in the Morning because he are the patron saint of Hon. Sir Lord T. Lipton and Ireland. Personally myself I are not well acquaint with saidly St. Patrick, but for the benefit of ignoramus and other home and colonial persons, I have succeeded to track at enormous expense to earth a certified person of Irish extractions who has produced me the informations I shall now decant.

Hon. St. Patrick, he inform, emigrated himself to Ireland in B.C. because of the so gentle climate which his medicinal doctor trusted to cure a cough he had sustained in his throat. He succeeded to become entirely restored, but suffered very continuous non-sleep because of the so fierce roars of the dragons who then disgorged smoke and flames from their stomachs in large clouds. This made very mad and wrathish Hon. Patrick (who had not yetly been sainted) so he wagered to bet he would kill to extermination all the dragons, or otherwisely eschew his hat. He had made purchase a very patent sword which he called Excalibar because every time he decapitated a head, the so non-fortunate person died from it. This caused the sword to become highly non-popular, so that persons hastened to fly at considerable m.p.h. when they saw it. Arming himself to the teeth with this so bluntless sword, Hon. St. Patrick combatted successfully the dragons so that they suffered a holocaust and were not enable any longer to disgorge smoke, fire or other alarming symptoms. This so great victory caused to jump with joy and suchly delicious feelings all Irish persons who had hithertoly suffered to be bitten or smoked by these fiery quadrapeds of the air. They then knighted Hon. St. Patrick into a saint for good rewardings, which he still remains to be. Thusly the tenderest juvenines, masc or fem, may preamble the lengths, widths and other circumferences of Ireland without suffering to be swallowed by a dragon to this day.

This are why St. Patrick's Day in the Morning are very great festive because it recalls us to remember that we have not any longer dragons seeking who they shall devour, except in China where they are very popular and esteemed. Irish persons celebrate this festive with mirthish junkets like as dancing, kissing and other good sportings. But if masc genders, they are very fierce and non-effeminate and greatly dote to administer severeish bangs to each other on the head and other delicate spots with their shibboleths. (Irish for head-knocking sticks.) This causes to ensue much excitements for who shall dismember the most numerous heads, which makes it more delicious to witness than a footbladder or rugging combat because of the so pleasant casualities. It are called St. Patrick's Day in the Evening, and not any good sporting persons should afford to miss it if possible.

"Hon. St. Patrick's Day in the Morning"



"Hon. St. Patrick combatted successfully the dragons"

The national plant of Ireland are the shamrock and the orange and this has caused to provoke very non-peaceful disputings for which are the most legitimate herb. Shamrock persons highly non-esteem the orange, which causes them to see red and other warlike colours, and transversely the orange persons see also red when they meet the shamrock. This are

"St. Patrick's Day in the Evening"

very awkward state of conditions because when the shamrockers and the orangers meet each others, they draw their shibboleths and bandy blows with them to make prove the shamrock are more succulent vegetable than the orange and *vice versa* (Latin for other way round) which has made several of them to become defunct. This may seem to appear very non-sensible to foreign eyes who think it cannot greatly matter whether a person eats a shamrock or an orange, providing if they do not produce post-eating pains. But, I reponse, are it not sure that several or more years ago the Anglo-Brittons combatted each other to death for whether the white or the red rose was the most succulent flower, so that it grew to be called a War of the Roses? If persons are so wisdomless to shoot each others with knives, swords and suchly fatal weapons because of this pleasant but non-nourishing vegetable, they should not depict a finger of scorn because other persons combat for whether the shamrock are better feedings than the orange. O yes, let us extract the mote from our eyes before we cast it at other persons.

I shall not inscribe any more of these dryish historical facts which every scholastic infantine is educated to learn, but produce you some up-to-dateish informations about Erin (Irish for Ireland). The mavourneens (Irish for fems) are very luscious to witness and are world-wide for their so great beauty and allure which causes them to be highly esteemed for nuptialling. This makes Ireland to be very dangerous for non-married masc persons who do not wish to nuptial, because they soonly discover to find they have lost their heads to 1 or several of these so exquisite mavourneens and cannot resist to spouse her. The spalpeens (Irish for mascs) are very ferocious when disturbed and eager to combat, which makes them to be very ticklish subjects because of their shibboleths which they bang our heads with. This, howeverly, causes them to be extremely valued for military and other non-peaceful purposes, so that numerous Anglo war generals and suchly high commanding persons have been Irish from birth and achieved stupendous combat victories with 1,000's of successful casualties.

The Irish are very dominent in America which they have invaded for large numbers of years because of the so good prices paid for police bobs. These Irish U.S.A. police bobs are much more triumphant than the London bobs, because they can hit illegal persons on the head with stupendous bangs without suffering reprimands or other disciplines, but enjoying to the contrary goodish promotions with stripes to match. This makes them to be respectfully feared by even million and other dollar persons in case they should suffer to receive blows on the head.

"The Irish are very dominent in America"

"The mavourneens are very luscious to witness"

I trust to hope, Hon. Sir, I have proved to be very non-partial in these commentings (from very selected A.1 sauces) and cannot be accused as a pro-shamrock or a pro-orange, because indeedly I are not, but a very Japanese gent produced from an enormously polite family, very anciently and honourably birthed.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, you suffer very extreme and enviously good healths,

I remain,

Yogo Hama

The Oak Room, Malahide Castle, Co. Dublin.

A Chippendale "ribbon backed" Parlour Chair.
These chairs are remarkable for their beautiful sweeping lines, the perfection of elegance and good taste. Chippendale was noted for such excellence of workmanship. He used only the most carefully selected mahogany, without inlay, the quality of his work depending entirely on the grace of design and shape.

A Curious Form of Rent

ON 'knight's service'—an ancient and most honourable tenure which entailed the furnishing to the King's service for ever of an archer fully equipped with horse and mail—Chevalier Richard Talbot obtained the Malahide baronial estates from Henry II, when that monarch held court in Dublin over eight hundred and fifty years ago. From that time until the present day Malahide Castle, said to be the oldest inhabited castle in Ireland, has been occupied by the same family.

The building certainly presents a venerable appearance with its ivy-clad battlemented towers and stern grey walls. The pointed Gothic doorway gives entrance to an ancient stone-flagged hall with vaulted roof; thence a circular stone staircase leads to many an apartment of singular interest, chief of which perhaps is the Oak Room, panelled from floor to ceiling with black Irish oak most beautifully carved, ceiled with great oak beams and furnished with wonderful works of art. One may picture James II standing here, as he did after retiring from the Battle of the Boyne, and greeting Lady Talbot with the remark, "Well, Madam, your countrymen run well," to which the lady retorted: "Indeed, Sire; but I'm pleased to see your Majesty won the race."

Priceless in character and content, Malahide is one of the legacies from past ages worthy of universal admiration. So also in its way is John Haig Scotch Whisky. First distilled in 1627, this famous Whisky is now held in the highest esteem by connoisseurs the world over.

By Appointment.

Dye Ken

John Haig?

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

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"MEN OF FAMOUS SHOWING" *Sport and General*

Some well-known Suffolk breeders and the secretary of the Suffolk Horse Society's Show watching the Stallion Parade at Ipswich. The group shows: Mr. W. Woodgate (left), Mr. R. Keer, the secretary, Mr. Carlyle Smith and Mr. A. T. Pratt

Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

The Lincoln

A FORTNIGHT from to-day the Lincolnshire Handicap is to be run, and the majority of trainers are still doubtful whether they will be able to get their horses ready in time for the opening meeting of the season. "My gallops are in such a deplorable state that I am quite unable to get on them, and it looks as though none of my horses will be in trim before May," said one of the leading trainers in Berkshire last week. Grand Joy has been doing a lot of good work at Newmarket, and Frank Barling is hopeful that he will be at least as fit as any of his rivals on the day of the handicap. Up to the time of writing he still holds favouritism, and it is clear that those associated with his stable regard him as being something like a good thing at the weights. If we go back to his form last spring, he certainly is very well handicapped, but a good deal of trouble was experienced with him last autumn, and I am never enamoured of horses of this type.

Parth's Big Task

FROM the time when we first began to talk about the Lincoln I have steadfastly maintained that Parth possesses an excellent winning prospect. I am assured by many racegoers whose opinions are worthy of respect that this horse has no chance of giving so much weight to Grand Joy. I hold a contrary view. I believe that Parth is one of the best-class horses who have been seen in the Lincoln for a very long time, and, providing the conditions under foot are not too bad, I am convinced that he will put up a very fine show under his tremendous weight. When all is said, we have seen him win the Kempton Jubilee under 9 st., and it should not be impossible for him to win the Lincolnshire (where the class is not so good) with another 6 lbs. on his back.

Question of Condition

PEOPLE have all along been sceptical as to whether Parth can be got ready in time for the first week of the season. I think their doubts are misplaced. I know that the horse has done a good deal of work during the last two months. As I stated last week, Crawford has one gallop where the going has always been fairly good. That is where Parth has been doing his Lincoln preparation. I have an idea that the public will turn to this horse in spite of his weight before the day of the race, and I shall not be at all surprised to find him ultimately a pronounced favourite.

By "THE TOUT"

I. MORGAN

Who rides Ballinode in the Grand National. "Ike" is one of the famous Morgan brothers from Waterford, and like the rest of the family knows his way round the Aintree course blindfolded

Cheltenham

THIS week one of the most enjoyable fixtures of the winter season is being held at Cheltenham. I admire those connected with this meeting for the enterprise they have shown. They made ambitious efforts to retain possession of the National Hunt carnival, which in the old days was a movable feast. The Cheltenham executive do everything in the best possible way, and under present conditions they are likely to keep the meeting for a very long time. Among the attractions on Wednesday will be the Cheltenham Gold Cup, a weight-for-age race which will bring out a select field of high-class performers. I regard this race as a good thing for **Alcazar**, and as a second string I take BALLINODE. On the following day comes the National Hunt Handicap Steeplechase which may be won by **Super Man**. In the Trial Steeplechase at Hurst Park at the end of the week **Ardeen** may repeat his Kempton success.

Hunting Notes

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

Better Conditions

RIDERS to hounds welcomed the few days without rain with which we were favoured last week. This pleasant change in the conditions had the effect of greatly improving the going, but at the week-end it was still abnormally deep for the time of the year, and it is not at all surprising to learn that several Masters of Hounds have decided to wind up the season during the next week or two. The Bicester, for example, will have their last advertised meet on Saturday next, though it is possible that Lord Chesham will provide a few bye-days in districts where the land is not likely to suffer special damage by the visit of hounds. The members of this Hunt, as well as the majority of others, cannot complain if the season is closing earlier than usual, for it has been an extraordinarily open winter.

Suspending the Cap

ONE system which some Hunt Committees have brought into practice during the present month, in order to keep down the size of the fields, is the suspension of the capping privileges. This means that nobody will be able to hunt in these countries unless they are subscribers, landowners or farmers. No doubt this withdrawal of the cap will cause a certain amount of grumbling, but the agriculturists must be considered at a time when the land is so dreadfully deep and when the spring grass is beginning to make headway.

Fox Skins

ALARMING stories come from Ireland concerning the loss of foxes during the present winter. It appears that hunting material is being destroyed in wholesale fashion in certain countries. The traders in skins are putting temptation in the way of villagers and others who live in or near Irish hunting countries. They are offering from £1 to 30*s.* for fox skins,

OUT WITH THE WHADDON *Topical*

Miss Miriam Rothschild (left) and Mrs. Richard Pinto at a meet of the Whaddon Chase held at Rowsham. Very good sport was experienced, hounds killing their fox in the grounds of Aylesbury Manor after a run of nearly ninety minutes

and I regret to state that they are doing a large business. Obviously this state of things cannot be permitted to continue, and it is not surprising that the Irish Masters of Foxhounds Association are taking active steps to combat it. There never was a more short-sighted policy than the destruction of foxes for the sake of their skins. If persisted in, it will completely ruin sport for the time being in the districts affected, and hundreds of people who derive a livelihood, either directly or indirectly out of fox-hunting will find themselves in a very bad way.

Hunting in Ireland

UNFORTUNATELY, this trouble has come just at the time when a revival in the fortunes of Irish fox-hunting had become probable. After falling into a very bad state during the political disturbances, the sport has been picking up again rapidly, and it was hoped that English hunting people would be attracted to Ireland next season in the way they were before the War. Captain Robert Brassey, Lord Holmpatrick and Major Dermot McCalmont have been appointed by the M.F.H. Association to act for them in the movement which is on foot to counteract the destruction of foxes. One suggestion is that the Irish Parliament should be prevailed upon to pass an Act for the preservation of hunting material. Something of the sort will have to be done if Irish hunting areas are to remain with an adequate supply of foxes.

The Horse Shows

LAST week's horse shows at Islington were decidedly successful, and I was glad to observe a distinctly improved selection of thoroughbred stallions competing for the King's Premiums. We had become so accustomed to seeing Scarlet Rambler and Gay Lally disputing the right to hold the King's Challenge Cup (which means the championship of the Show) that it came rather as a surprise to find both of them beaten this time by a newcomer in Ardavon, who will be well remembered by racing people. He always was an exceptionally attractive horse and now he is making up into a very imposing sire. He should do excellent service in the Yorkshire district in which he is to travel. Mr. Henry Cholmondeley and Captain T. Wickham-Boynton are to be congratulated upon their good judgment in having purchased this new champion. The hunters were a representative lot, while the pony show was perhaps the most interesting of all.

Alfieri

LADY JEAN DOUGLAS-HAMILTON

The Duke of Hamilton's eldest daughter at the South and West Wilts Point-to-Point, at Kingston Deverill

BEFORE THE RUN *Sport and General*

Mr. C. J. Rushbrooke (left), Miss Barnard, Colonel Kerry Barnard and Miss Rushbrooke at a meet of the South Berks at Shinfield Lodge, Shinfield

RUGGER RAGGINGS

THE CRITIC.

By "PENDARVES"

By the time these notes appear the Navy and Army match will have been played. But having seen the Army at its last public appearance before the great game of its season, reference must at once be made to the Army scrum-half, Guardsman W. C. Powell, of the 1st Battalion Welsh Guards. He is a scrum worker of quite exceptional ability. Lieut. C. A. Kershaw will have to watch out when the Navy meets the Army [they have already met each other, idiot.—ED.], and Squadron-Leader J. C. Russell, D.S.O., who captains the Royal Air Force team and works its scrum so admirably, will have to be very nippy (apologies to Messrs. J. Lyons and Co.) if he seeks to stop this soldier from feeding his three-quarters with lightning throw-outs which go straight into the hands of the Army stand-off half every single time.

The monotony of watching the very compact and cohesive Army team piling up points against a weakened and inept London Scottish side was, however, relieved for quite a number of us in the Stand by the very forceful presence round and about, of the Rugger critic. By the way, talking of the London Scottish, could "Jock" Miller, when he is not busy studying the notice boards in the Adelphi, do something about a pair of elastic garters or a couple of bits of string for his nice red stockings? The ladies in the Stand, with whom, of course, he is immensely popular, are disappointed to find both his stockings round his ankles after the first scrum, where they remain until "no side." He might also, with advantage, have a couple of inches taken off the end of his shorts—but perhaps that would be painting the lily overmuch.

These Rugger critics, who are becoming more and more assertive and stentorian in tone at the big games, intrigue me so much that I have been making a rather close study of them lately. My absorbed contemplation of them leads me to the rather depressing conclusion that about 78 per cent. of this vociferous army of stalwarts have probably never kicked a Rugger ball in their lives. Not that this matters. You don't need to have played a game to be able to criticise it nowadays.

Your really aggressive critic, you will find, if you can spare the time to take your eyes off the game for a moment to search for the owner of the voice in the crowd, is generally a florid individual with a large face, a bit puffy after lunch, and a very small bowler hat. He wears an expensive-looking overcoat and his hands are squeezed into yellow dogskin gloves, which clutch an umbrella between his knees.

He is entirely lacking in any sense of the ridiculous (which is a great gift to start with), and he drops pearls of wisdom and gratuitous advice upon the silences of tension, thus:—Lieut. G. V. Palmer, a regular Richmond player, makes one of his determined runs through the vainly clutching hands of about six of the opposition. "*Good old Palmer!*" I had always heard he was a nice chap. But he is not *really* old, is he? I mean, in spite of the thinness on top? One feels it is very important that Palmer's commanding officer should be told about this. Someone ought to have leaned over and suggested that the critic should drop him a line—after all, he would get it on Monday; and it might make the whole difference to that young (?) officer's career in the first battalion of the Queen's.

A. A. Crook, the Scottish captain, brings an Army man to earth (he has been doing this consistently all through the first half in the same thorough manner)—"*That* IS *a tackle!*" You have a vehement desire to say to him, "Is that really so? I suppose you're right, but I'm not a bit sure myself. Let's ask Captain Pratt, the referee, after the game, and agree to abide by his decision. He's bound to know, what?"

Then it suddenly dawns upon the critic, rightly or wrongly you will never know, that the whole of the Scottish team are somnambulists; for he issues an order that could be, and probably is, heard by the anglers on Kew Bridge, "WAKE UP, *Scottish!!*" Mind you, he is very impartial and a perfect sportsman. He is there in duty bound to see that the game is played according to the best traditions, and says so, irrespective of Rugby Union politics and all side bets. For now he calls upon the Army full back to "*Fall on it, man, fall on it!!*" as a Scottish dribbling rush avalanche advances upon that solitary lieutenant. This admonished gentleman, who has got a D.S.O. and an M.C. after his name for having fallen upon the ball in other kinds of fearsome rushes, must have heard, and we suppose felt the sting acutely, for very shortly afterwards he makes a superb run through the entire Scottish side, an act which is duly noted and commended with a "THAT'S *better!*" It is really awfully decent of him, don't you think?

During a maul on the other side of the ground, quite a long way off, there is a sudden break-away by half a dozen Scotsmen. "*Offside that man!*" Which man? To you, who have been playing the worst Rugger and watching the best for so many years, the whole game is a bit of a blur over there. Not so to the critic. He KNOWS. True enough, the whistle is at once blown, and the critic says, "I should *think* so, indeed." Nobody tells him gently, but firmly, that the whistle has gone because a man stepped into touch. Nobody ever does tell the critic anything. They dare not. Because if it wasn't for him and his instructive voice the standard of English Rugger would not be where it is to-day. . . .

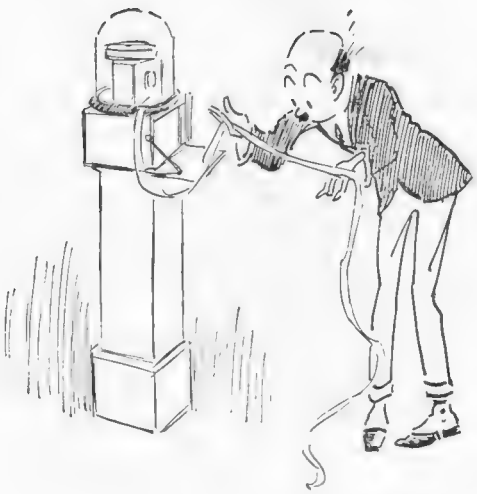
By the way, where is it?

KEEPING UP THE OLD TRADITIONS *V. Kathbone*

An interesting group of Rugger enthusiasts from the small British colony in and around the Chilian town of Punta Arenas, on the Straits of Magellan

BAROMETER—
DOWN

STOCKS—DOWN



THE HORSE YOU BACKED
—DOWN

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL
IS FALLING DOWN

EVEN YOU MAY GO
DOWN

BUT NEVER MIND
THERE'S ONE
THING THAT GOES
DOWN THAT'LL
PICK YOU UP
AS WELL——

Worthington

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Ahoy There! (Likewise Heave Ho!)

By Blanchette *Illustrated by* HELEN McKIE

"Unlucky ones who suffer!"

LONDON, *March* 9

DEAR COUSIN—

WHAT with the Royal yacht going cruising round those sunny Mediterranean shores, some time this week—and may it bring H.M. back again in all the best of health—can't help thinking 'twouldn't be an altogether bad thing, would it? to have a mere unroyal yacht somewhere handy, too, just 'bout this time of year, to take us for a week or so to convalesce from 'flu or other seasonable complaints.

卐

WHICH, I s'pose, most of us with the time to spare 've had at least a touch of two of—and even if not, there's always the chance that we might, for 'scuse. And just this time of year I always think that Med.'s most wonderful of all, 'cos all the other seas, even round Guernsey and Jersey, seem so greyish next its deep incomparable blue. Not that the sea isn't *toujours adorable*, everywhere and always, and just the one cure in the world for every kind of ill—'cept, of course, just one sort that rather b'longs to it, but am told even the unlucky ones who suffer from *that* get over it in time, what?

"Awfully Scotch"

卐

THINK of the freedom of it—of being on it, I mean, not merely dwelling somewhere on the shores. At which last you're always still surrounded by houses and streets, and motor-cars and shops, and all sorts of other worrying things, even if on the smallest scale. And any day you may meet a worthy and tiresome friend or get a 'noying letter 'bout one of those trifles that put one off most. And however near the sea, it's still not quite a part of you, but something to be approached and visited, so to speak.

卐

AND there you are, all amidst the lovely waste of wavy waves, with the fresh air of heaven around you and not a house in sight, idly, happily listening to the swish and swirl of the good salt sea against your sides as you skim along in the basking sunshine. Or, for that matter, roll and heave in a bit of a storm, with great chunks of ocean dashing and splashing and gurgling over the decks . . . it's all in the day's work, and, anyway, even in the worst of weather you're safe from civilisation's worst badge of slavery—the umbrella.

卐

NOT any parties to arrange about even—which, by the way, seem to be coming along these days both thick and fast. Perfectly good new cabaret show they've just put on at Prince's, f'rinstance, with a nice dancer 'propriately called Mlle. Terpsichore, from the Folies Bergère, and a clever skating act, and all sorts of other things. And a new Midnight Follies show at the Metropole, whereat pretty Elsa Macfarlane does some lovely singing in old-time frocks, and there's a wonderful "drama in triplicate," with different actors saying the same things to different parts of the audience. And, best of all, methinks, a farm scene with Mr. Claude Hulbert and Mr. Eddie Childs as the d'lightfullest dancing cow ever—two legs each.

卐

AND must say can't see much sign of the alleged slump in the aforesaid night clubs, spite of the bitter and ruthless p'lice campaign alleged to be in progress. But then, p'raps I don't go to quite bad enough ones, 'cos nothing awful ever seems to be happening, tho' cert'nly 'pears to be a diff'rent club every time, so I s'pose the others get raided, or something, or is it only the way fashions change? Really rather a mystery to me, I must admit. To be invited, I mean, to, say, "Albert's" and you can't go, but a day or so later you suggest it, only to be greeted with a look of horror and, "Oh, no, *that* place's become *quite* impossible. Let's go to the Goats—it's the only spot any decent person can be seen dead in," or words to that effect.

"Ruthless police campaign"

卐

YET it's terribly rash of us, you know, to dance at all. An evil craze, for one thing, a scandal and more or less amounting to making

merry with the devil, 'cording to some of the best Bishops in Ireland (where some of the best humour comes from, what?). But even seriouser and inf'nitely more so in fact, is actually said, dancing is to make our ankles thick. Which I don't believe, meself, not for one single moment. Look at Marjorie Moss, *par exemple*, who's not only the best dancer, but got the best legs in the world. . . . Fact is, the thick ankles (New Rich and others) have taken to dancing lately—and that's all there is to it.

卐

They do try and terrify us, don't they, these virtuous purveyors of Good Advice? Very latest bright effort being that (have you heard it?) cigarette smoking makes you bald. Which, meseems, is not unlike the Thick Ankle Theory—'nother words, there's quite a lot of bald people that do their twenty or thirty or forty fags *per diem*, but rather fancy, somehow, they'd be a bit hairless even if they took to chocs. or chewing-gum instead. Come to think of it, most of the non-smoking teetotalling men *I* know seem to be little, bald, short men, mostly with reddish beards.

卐

Which last is, p'raps, Nature's compensation—or revenge. And said, by the way, some of the alarmists, didn't they, that *we'd* get beards if we bingled, but it hasn't come off yet. And now the Queen of the Belgians is s'posed to have had hers done, p'raps they'll be more or less silent just for a while, these foolish ones. 'Sides, just think how good it all is for trade, and all that sort of thing. Simply have to have your shingle seen to at least twice a week, and if you want it done *really* properly, got to go to your hairdresser-man and be overhauled every single day. But what a well-worth-it luxury it is, like silk stockings, "silk to the bitter end," as they put it in that awfully Scotch play, *It Happened in Ardoran*, that they've been giving at the Everyman, in Hampstead.

"Overhauled every single day"

卐

Spring's here, I'm sure, or nearly, 'cos the snowdrops and violets and primroses are going so strong, and the daffodils came out for St. David's Day, and the 'Varsity Eights 've come on down the Thames (only so *em*barrassed 'cos women seem to want to talk to 'em and hold their hands). And Covent Garden's decided at last to have opera again in May—all's more or less promising and springlike in this March world, even if the Huns *are* just waiting and watching once more for another "Day."

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Blanchette

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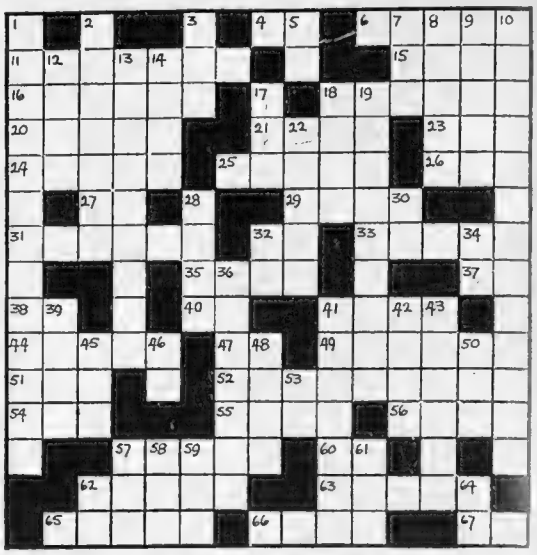
MAINLY THEATRICAL

"The Bystander" Cross-Word Puzzle Competition

FIVE Prizes of One Guinea each will be given to the first five correct solutions opened.

Fill in your solution in ink, also your name and address in the space provided.

Solutions, marked "Cross-words" on the envelope, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE BYSTANDER, GRAPHIC BUILDINGS, TALLIS STREET, E.C.4, and should reach us by first post on Monday morning, March 16. The Editor's decision is final.



CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 5

CLUES:

ACROSS

4. Order of Merit (Initials).
6. "The People" with a Capital D.
11. Fay Compton's triumph.
15. Feeds the Army.
16. The great little Billy.
18. The golfer's position.
20. Stage accessories.
21. Miss Shields.
23. Capt. Hay.
24. Sometimes forgotten by players.
25. Corney.
26. The convenient "part of verb 'to be.'"
27. Edwardus Rex (Initials).
29. Motto of Ancient Rome (Initials).
31. To aim badly.
32. Teetotal (But only initials!)
33. The Heep fellow.
35. Hebrew prophet's Christian name.
37. If (French).
38. "Note well"
40. Impolite way of saying "Thank you!"
41. First had His Majesty's Theatre.
44. Volumes.
47. Companion of the Bath.
49. Him of Elsinore.
51. Most common name in Islam.
52. Impersonates the Prince.
54. King (Latin).
55. Irish Gaelic.
56. He who apes.
57. Small ones for the ladies.
60. Preposition.
62. Lunar and Calendar.
63. "Specs I growed."
65. The ideal lover.
66. Clever Edna.
67. Abrupt question.

DOWN

1. For the Deadhead.
2. The most important seats.
3. Sometimes followed by repentance.
5. Theatrical landlady.
7. Period of time.
8. Craze for "going on the stage."
9. Mr. Asche.
10. Unobtrusive workers on the stage.
12. A fallen fairy (Quite unprofessional).
13. Hope (Shakespearian).
14. Out of pocket.
17. Adored of Him.
18. Unlawful betting medium.
19. Surname of Pinero's most famous lady.
22. Endures.
28. He (or she) loves (Latin).
30. Rail-road (Initials—again!)
32. Preposition
34. Like.
36. Glamis, Cawdor and—King.
39. Round stem or body of a tree.
41. Menaces.
42. Once preceded by "Whoa!" in street slang.
43. Runs off with the girl.
45. Mingle.
46. As.
48. For entr'actes.
50. Before.
53. Railway Station (Initials).
57. The "leetle dorg" again.
58. Unit.
59. Wartime Entrainer.
61. A small one.
62. Money Order (Initials).
64. More than one of you.

Name.....

Address.....

The solution to our Cross-Word Puzzle Competition of February 25, with names of the five winners, will be found on page 578

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FEMINA

SIMPLICITY

BY "CANDIDA"

"It takes all sorts to make a world," that's what we say when we're confronted by an endless jumble of types. And yet there never was a greater mistake. There's only one sort always, the modern sort, the young sort; the rest are also-rans. For instance: Men just adore the "incomprehensibility" of women, because they themselves have invented it. "Up to a point as clear as daylight," so they say, "and beyond that—a mystery," and they relapse in their reasonings into psychological and even physiological vagueness, anything and everything that is, or isn't, logical. But in reality there's nothing to understand. There never was. The complications were the bright idea of the first writer of tales. If there hadn't been any, there wouldn't have been a story. And think of one's quiet evenings at home, bereft of the latest that everybody's reading because it's so modern . . . and so clever . . . and so true to life. But as to that . . . .

MISS NORA RUSSELL

Who took over Miss Cicely Debenham's part in "Patricia" now at the Strand

It began, so I've said, with the first writer of tales, and now our clever young men are hinting in their latests that they've solved the riddle at last. The eternal Sphinx is as plain as a pikestaff, but only to the clever young men who write novels. Well, well, what would life be if we insisted on lifting all the veils, if we had no conveniently intriguing mysteries to add a spice of interest to what is, after all, a very unvarnished tale?

To my mind, the modern woman's like her hat. There's no nonsense about her, no curious inexplicabilities, no trimmings in short. Time was, of course, when she revelled in them just to live up to her picture. She had to, poor dear, if only to make a living. There weren't any careers in those days; one couldn't afford to be oneself, and one's hat gave away the show, just exactly as it does now. What hats they were, too! Every spring they came in with a swagger, with great bushes of feathers and miles of ribbon and straw, any amount of straw. One knew where one was; a spring hat looked the part. It suggested dancing daffodils (I don't know why dancing exactly, but it's always said), and new leaves and rain-wet April skies with pearly clouds upon it. If it was nonsense, it was very nice nonsense, and such a relief after so much felt and fur.

I read the other day an ancient, purple-patched effusion on spring hats, written by a man, of course, who wasn't paid to describe shapes and give away trade secrets and dispense addresses. "A woman's hat," he said, "is a poem; it lures you like a perfume, the promise of a caress. It's rainbow-hued as a butterfly's wing, as improbable as a fairy. . . ." Obviously, they hadn't Eton-shingled their hair in the days when they wore "rainbow-hued, fairy-like poems," and the new simplicity hadn't crept into clothes, or hats, or the language. Of course, they overdid things, over-acted the part, just as we under-act it now. But at least you knew a spring hat when you met it. It did not leave you wondering as it does now, now that we seem to go from felt to feltier felt, and that's about all.

I'm quite sure that the new spring hats *are* the new spring hats, because they're so terrifyingly simple. All those hats in rows are exactly alike down to the last stitch; they're all boyish and untrimmed, all with the same high crown, the same lack of brim, the same little bow of no consequence. It's obvious that there's to be no nonsense about them. But it's rather poor fun all the same to step, so to speak, from one felt simplicity straight into another, to fit on what used to be a "poem," a "rainbow," a "fairy" (see above) as one pulls on a rather tightish glove. After so long a spell of absence of make-believe I'd rather hoped for a few frills, if only in spring-time, just by a way of a change. But it seems that changes aren't done any more, or if they are it's just to emphasise the lack of change.

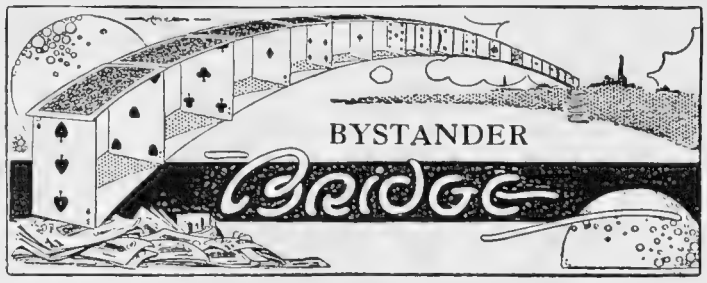
Simplicity's the keynote. You can't be simple enough, transparent enough, obviously faultless enough. But there's nothing to fall back on, and you can guess how expensive the game must be. Not a loophole for mistakes anywhere, bald perfection in every line. It's art at its highest, plus an immense amount of self-assurance which tricks you into thinking that it's an easy business to manage. And really, after so much talking, I'm not sure whether the new simplicity isn't the easiest thing in the world, or the hardest.

They're running it at all the spring shows. Princess Xenia Toundoutoff at the Hyde Park Hotel the other day gave one bands *à la russe* and much sophisticated dancing, but the simplicity of the mannequins was of the superior, obviously Parisian sort. One knows the touch. It's the "inevitable" frock, so simple that you'd think (if you didn't know any better) that a child could make it and wear it. It's by these signs that you may know the *dernier cri*; the rest are also-rans.

AT THE AMBASSADORS [*M. Robey*

Miss Hilda Moore, who is playing a leading part in "Anyhouse," by Miss Tennyson Jesse, to be produced at the Ambassadors to-morrow (Thursday)

But the unimaginative lot are always with us. They think that it's easy to be simple, just as men think that it's difficult to be complex. Hence the obviously masculine touch in clothes. They don't understand the new simplicity, and fall back on a convention. I met a young thing the other day who was wearing alpaca trousers, Russian boots, a man's overcoat, and the kind of hat which we used to call a Homburg years ago. I could understand the coat and forgive the hat. They weren't so different after all, but why the trousers, especially for one who wasn't compelled by an accident of sex to wear them? Perhaps men are right, and women are a mystery after all.



By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

CORRECT BIDDING

I am frequently asked to adjudicate on points of bidding. My correspondents send me particulars of their hands, and ask: "What ought I to have called?" or "Was I right in calling so-and-so?"

Now, while I am always glad to receive such inquiries it is not always possible to answer them satisfactorily. In many cases it is not possible to say that a particular bid is right or wrong. And I feel a particular difficulty in giving my opinion when, as often happens, a bet depends upon my decision. A bid may be right on one occasion, and may be wrong under other conditions. You have to take into account the state of the score, and the partner and opponents you are playing with.

. . . . . .

I do not believe in laying down hard and fast rules about bidding from which one can never depart. The greater the elasticity in bidding, the greater the interest of the game. At the same time it is absolutely necessary to have some general fixed principles, especially as regards the initial bid, and stick to them.

The point is not, as so many players seem to think, "Is my call likely to be successful if I am left in with it?" The mere fact that your call may be successful with average assistance from your partner does not necessarily make it a correct call.

At three-handed Bridge ("Skip") when the bidding is all against all, and you never know until it is finished who will be your partner, you can take, and are right to take, as many liberties as you like in your gamble for dummy.

. . . . . .

But four-handed Auction is—it cannot too often be rubbed in—essentially a partnership game. A bid that may seem right on your individual hand, may deceive your partner by making him believe that you hold tricks that you have not got. And an opening bid that deceives your partner *is always wrong*—no matter how plausible it may seem from your point of view. Thus, to call, "One Heart" as an initial bid on six or seven to the Jack is wrong. It is true that with average help from your partner it is possible you might make "One Heart," but that fact does not make the bid correct. Even if you hold one or two Aces outside the Heart (although the holding of two would certainly tend towards justifying it), it is not a proper first bid. You must sit tight on it and wait for the second round to bid it, when you must bid "two" or "three" as necessary.

. . . .

This is one of those paradoxes that trouble many players. "What!" they exclaim. "You forbid me to call 'one,' and yet you advocate calling 'two' or 'three' later?"

Certainly, because your initial call is only in the nature of a "bid." It is not a declaration. And the whole structure of combination between partners is that the first bid must show top cards in the suit named: Ace, King, or King, Queen. The only other combination that justifies a first bid is Queen, Jack to five or six and *two outside Aces*. The two Aces make up for the deficiencies of tops.

But the *minimum* is the Queen-Jack combination.

. . .

To all beginners I would say, rigidly adhere to this rule about your first calls, however tempted you may be to depart from it. There are two special reasons why you should do so. These are:—

(1) *Partnership.* — The building up of the contract between yourself and partner demands it.

(2) *Your Bridge reputation depends upon it.*—If you go in for "fancy" calling and play an individualistic game, you will soon acquire a bad reputation at Bridge. Your partner will be chary of supporting you even when you call correctly. Your fancy calling may come off at times, but you will lose more than you gain by it in forfeiting the confidence of your partners.

. . . . . .

A Daventry reader asks me what is the "correct" bid on the following hand. His partner called "one No-Trumps" and he held:—

S—10, 9, 8, 7. H—A, K, Q, 10, 9, 8. D—Q, 2. C—5.

He called "three Hearts," and his partner promptly called "three No-Trumps." Should he call "four Hearts"?

In my opinion, "No." He has already told his partner about the Hearts and his partner has decided to play the game in No-Trumps. He probably has a long solid suit of Clubs and considerable outside strength. He may have only one Heart. If he has one Heart dummy supplies him with at least three tricks.

No doubt the game looks good in Hearts, and the honours' score is tempting, but I have no belief in a player continuing the bidding against his partner when once he has warned him.

. . . . . .

Here is a hand which a correspondent describes as the most extraordinary he has ever seen.

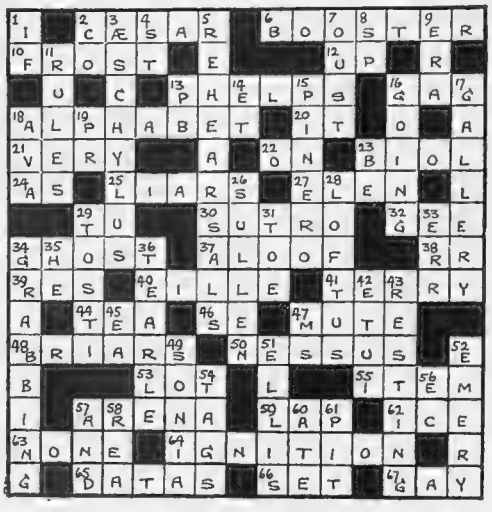
	Y: S—x, x. H—A, J, x, x. D—10, x, x, x, x, x. C—x.	
S—10, x, x, x, x. H—x. D—K, J, x, x, x. C—K, x.	A	B: S—Q, J. H—K, Q, 10, x, x, x, x,x. D—None. C—x, x, x.
	Z: S—A, K, x, x. H—None. D—A, Q. C—A, Q, J, 10, x, x, x.	

Score: A, B, one game. Y, Z, nil. Z deals. How should the hands be called?

Well, I will tell you first how they were called. Z called both Spades and Clubs, finally going over B's bid of "five Hearts" to "seven Clubs," which were doubled, and losing 300 points less 48 for honours.

Now, as to the way they should have been called. My opinion is that Z should have opened with "one No-Trumps," in spite of having no Hearts. A and Y would have said, "No Bid," and B would, presumably, have called "three Hearts." Z should then have made a bid of "four Clubs," and his partner should have put him into "three No-Trumps." If B had ventured "four Hearts," Z should have called, "four No-Trumps," and if B had then gone on to "five Hearts," Z should have doubled.

When once Y had shown a guard in Hearts, Z's hand was a very strong No-Trumper, as he must establish his Clubs with the loss of one trick. The hand is an interesting example of the folly of bidding up too high in a minor suit. It was a good hand wasted.



The Solution of Cross-Word Puzzle No. 3

Above is the correct solution of the third Theatrical Cross-word Puzzle, printed in our issue of February 25. The names and addresses of our prize-winners (the first five correct answers opened), are given below:—

Mr. Lionel S. Johnson, Clonbroney Vicarage, Edgeworthstown, Ireland.
Mr. H. Webley, 26, Stondon Park, Forest Hill, S.E.
Dr. R. E. Davie, High Street, Buckden, Hunts.
Mrs. Crutchley, 8, York Gate, Regent's Park, N.W.1.
Mr. J. N. Ellis, Budbrook, Glebelands Road, Knutsford, Cheshire.

Bobbed hair should be wavy

As a rule *wavy* bobbed hair makes a girl look younger and prettier, while straight, 'wispy' bobbed hair gives her an older, somewhat harder appearance. If *you* would look younger and more attractive be sure your bobbed (or shingled) hair is both lustrous and wavy. The secret is yours if you use Lavona. This is a wonder-liquid containing an exclusive ingredient that acts just like magic. There's positively nothing like it for making hair grow and making it gleamy, clean-looking and with that rich, subtle waviness everyone admires. Lavona frees the hair from greasiness, yet stimulates the natural oil glands to correct activity; it improves the colour wonderfully and wards off early greyness. Yet there is no dye—no risk or trouble. And with every package a Lavona Shampoo Sachet is given free. The Lavona Shampoo is the world's best, easiest, safest, and most economical—we give it free because of the danger and bother with shampoos containing excess soda or acid additions. So, for 2/11d. you can get, at any chemists, a complete hair-beauty outfit—complete even to a printed guarantee of satisfaction or money back. If you want to get that wonderful gleamy waviness with *your* bobbed or shingled hair—be very sure to use nothing but

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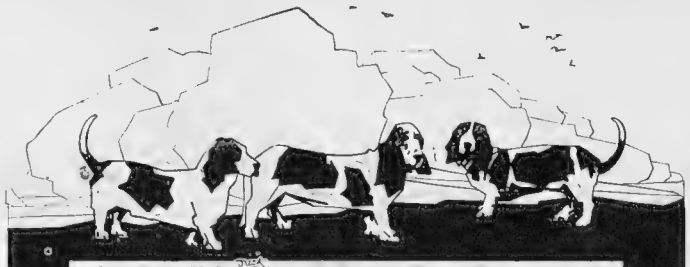


WHAT SHOWS TEACH

Choosing Birthdays.

By "THE KENNELMAN"

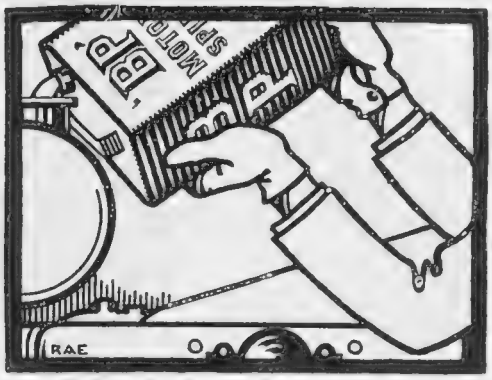
NORTH-COUNTRY exhibitors must be busy this week, for there are Dog Shows in Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Bolton, York, Bury, Crewe, and elsewhere. Pugs are on show at Westminster to-day, and next week brings Shows at Dublin, Brighton and Bristol.

There's no doubt about the direct practical influence of Shows on the popularity of given breeds, and the spread of public knowledge. In '24 there was not a single Basset Hound at Cruft's. This year there were twenty entries in the breed, and the effect has been marked. In these few weeks many letters have reached Kennelman on the subject. Enquiries might be addressed to Major Heseltine, The Hill, Lutterworth, and to Mrs. G. Foster Rawlings, Middle Old Park, Farnham. As a miniature Bloodhound, the Basset is uniquely interesting in sport, and as a pal; as *pucca* a little *sahib* as any in dogdom, combining convenient smallness with inimitable dignity, and quaintness with intelligence amounting to intellectuality.

With their unexplained and too concentrated generalities, the "experts" who write for public guidance have been frightening folk about "winter-born puppies"—quite a mistake. "Beginner in breeding" writes that on the strength of such warnings he was careful to "give a miss to end-of-February mating" for the brood bitch he bought at Cruft's, and hopes to be rewarded for abstinence which costs him half a year; his particular "expert" having laid it down that mating should be confined to the period between February and September, so as to avoid "winter-born pups." A plague on such arbitrary expertese, says Kennelman.

February mating means April-born puppies. Pups born in April have the best of the year before them. Compare this with September matings, or even with September birth. Two or three months must pass before the pup is clear of the nest. So the late summer-born pup must begin open-air life with the whole winter half of the year before him. One wouldn't deliberately choose Christmas time for whelping; but better that than Michaelmas; and for mating, mid-winter is better than mid-summer—so far as Kennelman's practical experience goes; and spring, not mid-summer (let alone autumn) the best of all whelping times. It's easy to keep the nest snug through the suckling, indoor period; and it's invaluable to have all the summer half of the year before the new-weaned pup. Better September to February, than February to September, *for mating*—with all due deference to the writing "experts."

With regard to the "Beginner in breeding's" choice of breed, it's obviously unwise to ignore public taste, since young stock must have its market; the bigger the better. Well, the taste of the moment gives great favour to Alsatians, Labradors, Pekingese, Wire-haired Fox-Terriers, Chows, Cockers, Sealyhams, Cairns, etc., but change and development are constant, competition is less keen in the less prominent varieties, and the beginner can sometimes come more quickly to the fore in helping to popularise than in tailing on to the already very popular. Having regard to which he (or she) may well give close thought to the claims of Bedlington, Basset and Dandie Dinmont on the small side, and Irish Wolfhound, Bloodhound, Setter, Springer and Saluki, among the bigger fellows. And, for the breeder who wisely purposes to train and educate his young stock, there's very much to be said (while the burglar keeps on burgling) for the Airedale.



TREAT YOUR ENGINE KINDLY

These winter mornings do not race your engine first thing to warm it up. Let it idle for a few minutes before driving off, and so distribute the heat gradually. "BP" is of inestimable value in winter, because its high volatility makes possible a quick start, and at once provides a correct mixture which enables the engine to idle steadily without racing. You will be delighted with the all-round good results obtainable on "BP."

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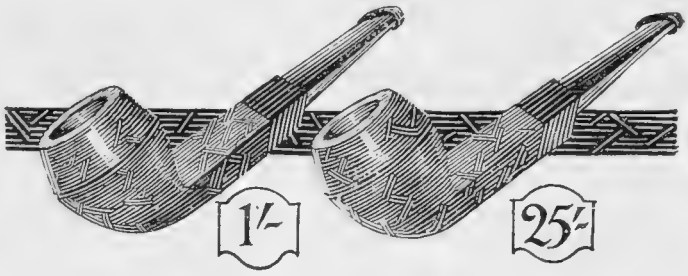

INVINCIBLE

THESE two pipes, now. Both the same shape, both made of briar and vulcanite, both "smoke." There can never be any doubt, though, about which of the two you prefer. There is briar *and* briar, vulcanite *and* vulcanite.

When they are new the two pipes are almost indistinguishable. But after a year or two you know there will be no question as to which has lasting quality, which is still your favourite.

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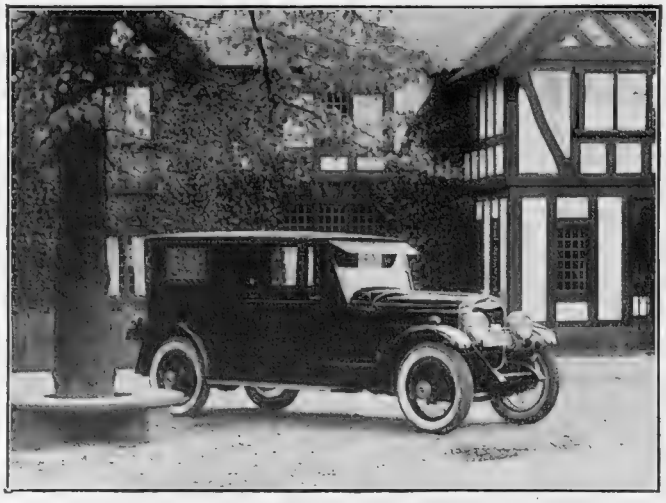
MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD



AN AMERICAN VISITOR

One of the latest Lincoln cars, a product of the Ford factories It is an eight-cylinder limousine with seating capacity for seven passengers

MANY brave souls have sought to tackle the anti-dazzle problem with respect to motor headlights, but I never realised how many had gone such a long way towards solving the problem until I attended the demonstration held recently by the Royal Automobile Club in Richmond Park. Thirty-six separate devices were down to take part in the demonstration. Eighteen of these had already received the R.A.C. certificate of performance, while the other half were anxious to demonstrate their efficiency to the observers before entering for an official trial. Many and varied are the means employed of preventing dazzle to on-coming traffic. The simplest appears to be a flexible hood which is drawn either over the top or the side of the lamp to cut off the blinding rays. The most complicated is that in which special optical devices are employed in order to concentrate and diffuse the light so as to remove all objectionable features.

* * *

ONE of the simplest devices was the Barker dipping headlights, in which the angle of the beam was under the control of the driver. By the simple movement of a lever the lights could either be turned to the side or dipped without diminution in the power of the beam. Other satisfactory devices were the A-L Anti-Dazzle Focus with mechanical operation of the bulbs, the Moonbeam lamp with special internal construction, the Zeiss with a special yellow glass sleeve which could be slid round the bulb, and the Austin Edwards. The efforts which are being made show that it will not be long before the dazzle problem is satisfactorily and economically solved.

* * *

I HAVE just carried out a trial of the Lincoln eight-cylinder car, and I am still left with a feeling of breathlessness and admiration for its hill-climbing and acceleration powers. An eight-cylinder V engine most probably gives one of the smoothest turning movements possible, and in the case of a Lincoln this continuous turning movement is combined with an engine of generous size. The result is that putting one's foot hard down produces the most startling yet agreeable results. I was unable to make accurate time tests, but from the feel of the car I should imagine that the jump from 10 m.p.h. to 70 m.p.h. would have only been exceeded by a racing car. A fascinating feature of the Lincoln is that all this can be done on top gear. There is no need to endeavour to make expert changes at high speeds, as once the car is moving no other gear need be employed on ordinary roads.

* * *

I SUPPOSE that the Portsmouth Road at week-ends is one of the most crowded in Great Britain, but in spite of this fact

(*Continued on page 584*)

The Bean TWELVE

Big News for the Motorist

Hitherto it has been our proud boast that we have constantly *added* to the *Quality* of Bean Cars rather than follow the lead of many manufacturers by building "down to a price."

Hitherto the *price* of Bean Cars has been maintained while the *value* has increased. But to-day we are ready to go one step further. While maintaining in every way the Quality that is essentially Bean—the Quality that has definitely established the reputation of this famous car—we are now reducing the price of The Twelve models.

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To-day—*that* car at a lower price.

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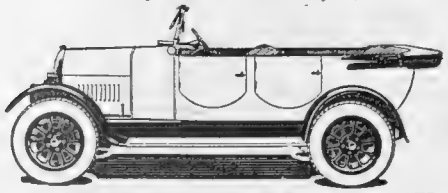

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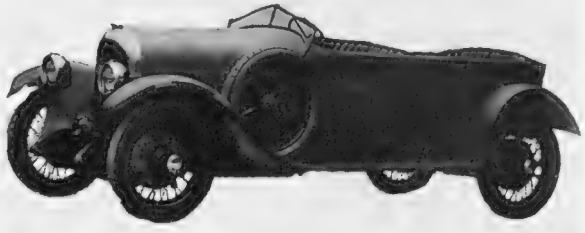

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£175

De Luxe model, as above, equipped additionally with clock, speedometer, 6½ in. diameter headlamps, and choice of finish £185

Long wheelbase model, 4-seater, 3-door body (as illustrated), equipped with following additions to De Luxe models: screen wiper, electric horn, driving mirror, spare petrol can and tin of oil, grease gun equipment, spring gaiters, etc. £200

Saloon, Weymann type, l.w.b. chassis, specification as above £275

Sterling worth is built into the chassis of the 9/20 h.p. Rover. Under the bonnet especially you will find good reason for making this car your choice. There's something very out-of-the-ordinary about its engine—that four-cylinder, overhead-valve unit which enables you to show your tail to most other touring cars. It develops 20 h.p., and does it in a fussless way that makes every journey a pleasure. The 9/20 h.p. Rover is very different from other low-priced cars. It is a pride to own because of its smart and distinctive appearance, and a joy to run because it is so light on petrol and oil—½d. a mile covers their cost. Why not write us for full particulars?

Tax for remainder of 1925 is only £7-17-6.

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THE ROVER COMPANY, LTD., COVENTRY.

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ROVER IS BRITISH ALL THROUGH

I thoroughly enjoyed a trip I made on the Lincoln when traffic conditions were at their worst. The instant acceleration, the excellent braking (although of the two-wheel type), and easy steering permitted of a satisfactory average being maintained without the slightest danger to other traffic or to the occupants of the car. The Lincoln is of considerable weight, which assists in its road-holding qualities, and this, in conjunction with its flexible springing, makes it a most comfortable car to drive on the very worst surfaces. The engine starts easily first thing in the morning and practically instantaneously develops its full power, this being in no small measure due to the thermostatically controlled cooling. The Lincoln is an impressive car of excellent performance.

* * *

I AM glad to see that the Motor Cycling Club has barred chains and non-skid attachments in their London-Land's End trial to be held at Easter. Although these devices serve a very useful purpose, trials' drivers have been rather prone to make use of them on every conceivable occasion. Few private owners in this country use chains, and as the purpose of these trials is to demonstrate the performances of modern cars, it is a step in the right direction that these cars shall take part in the trial in the same condition as they will be used by private owners.

* * *

THE announcement of still lower prices by certain manufacturers will result in many more people turning their thoughts to the pleasure of Spring motoring. The 7.5 h.p. Citroën two-seater is now reduced to £130, an amazingly low figure when it is remembered that the equipment includes electric lighting and starting, low-pressure tyres, speedometer, wind-screen wiper, and many other items. Among the larger models may be mentioned the 11.4 h.p. English body Citroën four-seater, a car with a great reputation for comfort and completeness of equipment, at the new price of £235, and a very cosy saloon four-seater at the really remarkable figure of £260.

A VAUXHALL IN THE MORNING

A latest pattern 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall "Carlton" enclosed limousine, with rounded roof. It is fitted with the Vauxhall intermediate steering, and a sliding window dividing the two compartments, being intended for either owner or chauffeur driving

* * *

ONE great drawback of cars which were designed and originally constructed in countries where the tax was not based on the bore of the engine, is that such cars usually received very unfavourable treatment under our present British system of taxation. One of such cars is the Overland constructed at Stockport. It is exceptionally low in price, it is well finished, it is comfortable in its running, and it is economical, but the annual tax charged has been hitherto rather on the high side. Its makers have been the first to realise this fact, and they are therefore putting on the market an Overland car with a 13.9 h.p. engine, which, of course, is only liable to a £14 tax per annum. The new engine is British, and is built by one of the best firms in the country, and I am told that the performance of the car with the new engine is even better than it was previously. I am looking forward to a personal trial of this new Overland.

G. C. S.

King Richard II. resigning the Crown to Bolingbroke.
(Reproduced, by permission, from the original in the possession of the Liverpool Corporation.)

This is the earliest extant signature of an English King, as distinguished from mere marks put against their names in early charters.

Richard

HISTORIC SIGNATURES

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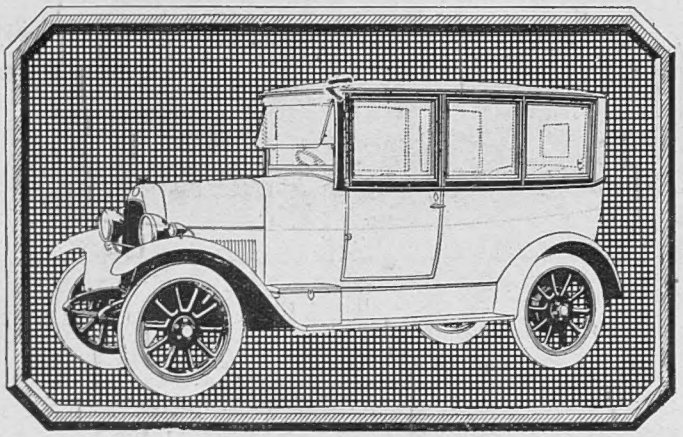

10/15 h.p.
Saloon
Model
£395
(Tax £11)

The appointments are of the highest grade, distinguished for refinement and harmony in colour scheme. Upholstery is in Bedford Cloth, and the cabinet work inlaid. The six windows can be lowered—an appreciable feature in hot weather; and when they are closed, the blinds drawn, and the interior lighted, night driving is rendered enjoyable under the most severe or adverse atmospheric conditions.

The Sturdy Construction

of the famous 10/15 h.p. Chassis permits the fitting of a Saloon body without fear of overloading or subjecting the engine and transmission to dangerous stresses and strains, consequently the standard Saloon can always be relied upon to carry its full complement of passengers and to give years of economical service.

10/15 h.p. Models include: Torpedo £340 : 2/3 seater £350.

Standard equipment for touring cars and chassis includes: Electric lighting set and starter, 5 lamps, clock, speedometer, spare wheel and 5 Michelin Cable Tyres. Any type of coachwork supplied.

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BY APPOINTMENT

BY APPOINTMENT

Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

Smart and Inexpensive

Success invariably goes with those who step with the times and quickly respond to demand by a fitting supply. Realising that after the post-Christmas lull, women are craving to step right into new clothes without any preliminaries (and, incidentally, with the payment of as low a price as possible), Goochs Ltd., Brompton Road, have equipped their gown *salon* with an arresting selection.

Very much of the moment is an exclusive little coat frock model of fine black repp, the straight, slim back allied to a front that takes a graceful curve at a low line to form a wrap-over effect. From a round falling collar of white georgette, there is introduced down the centre front a narrow pleated vest of the same, completed by a long cravat of scarlet crêpe de Chine, the close-fitting sleeve shaped with a little pointed cuff having a fold of the georgette carried round and a short way up the back. Most representative of the demure styles now so prevalent, this model is surprisingly reasonable at 8½ guineas.

The *chic* afternoon gown, sketched, is of heavy-weight crêpe de Chine in a tender camel shade, trimmed with bands of lacquer red crêpe de Chine, embroidered in camel and red. As is the case with so many of the skirts just now, this one boasts an apron front, mounted at a low line with gaugings, the back conforming to the rigid decree of straight flatness.

Nor has the matron been overlooked in this *galère* at Goochs, a most impressive and important visiting toilette being carried out in nigger georgette, heavily embossed with a velvet design in a pinkish fawn. A model built on long slim lines, with a tunic effect, the plain back is relieved by a long stole end from either shoulder that is looped up at the base of the long corsage. On March 17 and 18, Goochs hold their usual dress show, and it will be well worth a visit.

Lace and Fine Embroideries

That journey over to Paris, short as it is, once regarded as imperative by the *vraie élégante*, is now wholly unnecessary. The couturières here are in such close touch with the Rue de la Paix that new fashions appear simultaneously in both.

And there is no question at all but that a great deal of the best finds its way into the *salons* of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. The model gown department here has few equals and no superiors, the models chosen having grace and elegance as well as excessive novelty to their credit. Also—a most interesting and important fact—creations for which thousands are paid are copied for less than half the original price. Harvey Nichols keep an expert staff of embroiderers, and their time promises to be more than fully occupied this season, for there are *broderies* on everything.

One amusing innovation is an embroidery of cut wire. This was seen on a coat frock of exceeding charm, carried out in black kasha. Over a slim, short skirt there was posed a tunic that flared gently all round, the embroidery suggesting tiny, shiny nail heads and effecting a deep design. Some wonderful appliqué embroidery in satin and velvet and in artistically-chosen colours, occurs on an evening dress of beige crêpe de Chine, veiled in golden beige lace, the latter put on at a low line in the form of a slit-up *godet* apron, and just escaping a narrow hem of deep nasturtium brown velvet. This was an extraordinarily beautiful scheme of colouring, the partially veiled embroidery motif introducing shades of pink, green, silver and gold.

FOR THE AFTERNOONS

An attractive afternoon gown of heavy-weight camel shade crêpe de Chine, embroidered in camel and red. It is a model from Goochs Ltd., of the Brompton Road

Sketches by Betty Nisbet

THE DAY OF THE BEAD

A new model from Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge. It is a frock of pale *café-au-lait* heavy georgette, the lace being embroidered with small blue, gold, steel and amber beads

Small blue, gold, steel, and amber beads embroider the lines of lace set into the model pictured. This is mainly composed of pale *café-au-lait* heavy georgette, the long bodice just eased into a narrow *décolletage* hem, the skirt mounted in small flat box pleats on either side of a narrow front panel trimmed with long gold fringe. A narrow long scarf, similarly fringed, attached to one shoulder, was flung round the throat or left hanging as fancy dictates to form a wisp of a train. This model has almost a cuirass of embroidery which appeals at once as novel and attractive.

An example of great taste is shown in an evening gown of begonia-pink crêpe de Chine. A long tunic of this falls over a slip of gold lamé, the slight fullness at the sides being held by a motif of small gold bead embroidery worked on with a darning stitch of metal thread that is carried in a narrow line up the bodice and down to the hem; a little triangle of the same *broderie* finishes the front of the round *décolletage*. This, very briefly, is the spring trend of fashion at Harvey Nichols, and it is a show no woman, if she is wise, will miss.

"La Naturelle"

THAT Mons. Georges is a past master in the art of *postiche* work there can be no shadow of doubt after a careful and interested scrutiny of any one of the wonderful and beautiful examples of "La Naturelle," for which 40, Buckingham Palace Road is so justly famed. Priding himself, as indeed he well may, on the exquisite quality and superb taste displayed in every model, it is Mons. Georges's boast that only the very best natural wavy and curly hair is used in the construction of his masterpieces. The choice, both in colouring and texture, is so vast and extensive that every woman will find her own hair matched to perfection; while, in many instances, Mons. Georges's "La Naturelle" is so far superior to growing hair which is losing its youthful gloss and sheen, that he numbers among his clients, in addition to the young and fair, many who but for his able assistance would be compelled to bow before the tell-tale signs of advancing age.

One of his latest and cleverest achievements is "La Naturelle" in the guise of art shingled head. This is an extraordinarily fascinating affair, and comes as a boon and blessing to those who wish to follow this emphatic decree, and yet at the same time are unwilling to sacrifice their long tresses.

Another invaluable use to which the bobbed and shingled "La Naturelle" can be put is its adoption during the time that must inevitably arrive when hair is once more allowed to grow—a singularly unbecoming and trying period that can be completely concealed beneath the artistic and beautiful *postiche* productions emanating from the Maison Georges.

"LA NATURELLE"

An example of postiche work from the Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, that conveys the smart shingled effect with tresses that are unshorn

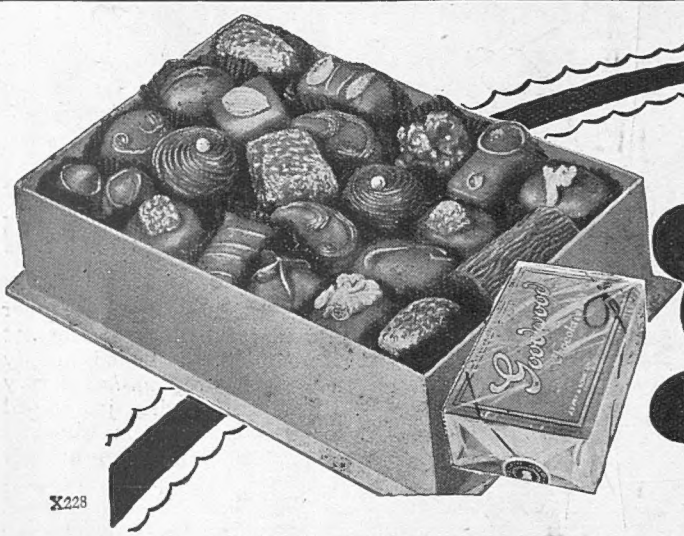
The New Stuarts'

HAVING founded a furrier business of irreproachable worth, it is of special interest to learn that Stuarts' new premises, 29, Tottenham Court Road, were opened last Monday with the *éclat* and success anticipated. Clients well aware that something very exciting was to take place were early on the scenes, and to their intense satisfaction found hundreds of "Cost-Price Bargains" in all sorts and kinds of high-grade peltry. So large and comprehensive is the stock, that the same generous offer holds good right on through the ensuing weeks, until the existing stock is exhausted; while, as an added inducement to a speedy visit to the New Stuarts, every purchaser this week will be presented with a dainty gift in the guise of an enamelled smoker's companion, clock, or silk handbag.

So much for the opening of the new premises, while for all time, Stuarts' well-known policy of providing only the best and most reliable furs at reasonable rates will be maintained. Women who know what they are about are fully aware that really good furs are not cheap, and yet it is folly to pay the exorbitant prices so frequently asked. Consequently all seeking reliable high-grade peltry should accept the cordial invitation issued by Stuart to one and all to have a look round before purchasing elsewhere.

Stuarts also make a special feature

(Continued on page vi)



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